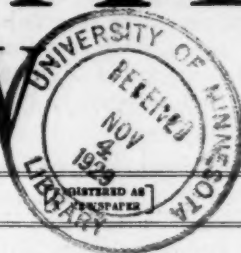


THE SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3860. Vol. 148.

19 October 1929

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach Subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

ONE advantage of the publicity in which most International Conferences are held nowadays is that delegates, once they have met, dare not separate without reaching some sort of compromise. The United States, France, Italy and Japan have now decided to accept the British invitation to discuss their navies in London at the end of January, and although much may depend upon the way in which these acceptances are drafted it is probable that an agreement will easily be reached to postpone the "replacement" battleships allowed for by the Washington Treaty (since their technical value is now so widely questioned), and that some compromise as to cruisers will be drafted. Between now and January much preparatory work will have to be done, and it is highly satisfactory that the prospects of agreement between France and Italy as to parity have so much improved in the past few days.

Mr. Bruce has paid very dearly for an action taken, it would appear, in a moment of impatience. It is generally admitted that the Federal Arbitration Courts in Australia have been a failure, since the trade unions have so frequently refused to accept their decisions, and have

sheltered themselves behind verdicts secured from State Courts. An attempt to abolish these State Courts had failed; the States guarded with excessive jealousy that measure of autonomy they retained when the Commonwealth was set up. But equally an attempt to abolish the Federal Courts at a time when more and more people are beginning to adapt themselves to the Commonwealth ideal was doomed to failure. The machinery is good, although the way in which it has been used has not saved the country from disastrous industrial disputes. The result of Mr. Bruce's attempt to scrap it has been that the Labour Party, coming out as the champion of Australian advanced social legislation, has secured a victory far more sweeping than Mr. Scullin, the future Prime Minister, had dared to anticipate.

The truth is that Australia's troubles are due to her short-sighted and selfish policy. In order to keep up the high level of wages the Trade Unions have done all they could to discourage even the better type of immigrant from this country, and at the same time high tariff barriers have artificially protected Australian industries and, by the same token, made living ridiculously dear. While Europe was in chaos, Australian exports flourished, despite the high cost of their production; with the return to normal



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conditions in the rest of the world, the Australians are losing their markets. Perhaps Mr. Scullin, who is universally respected as an honest man, will have greater success than Mr. Bruce in making his partisans realize that a whole continent cannot be reserved indefinitely for exploitation by a mere handful of six million souls. High wages and high tariffs in such conditions bring not prosperity, but stagnation.

The Government are now stated to have made up their minds on the lines to be followed by their legislation in the coal industry. Briefly, their plans embrace the marketing scheme agreed upon with the coal owners, the nationalization of royalties, and the reduction of working hours from 8 to 7½ per day, plus winding time, or alternatively 8 hours "bank to bank," whichever the Miners' Federation may prefer. These reductions in working hours will be accompanied by a guarantee against any reduction of wages. It is explained that the reduction of half an hour in the working day is only an instalment. Likewise, vague hopes are held out to the miners of efforts to persuade the owners to agree to a national wage settlement and of an eventual Bill to establish a minimum wage and possibly also miners' pensions—for which the Federation has been pressing. We must await the official announcement of Government policy for confirmation of these proposals. On the face of them they look to have the disadvantage of satisfying neither side. In this matter, as with widows' pensions, the Government are reaping the just reward of rash promises made at the election. Even so, they seem to be going further in the matter of coal than they will be able to carry the owners willingly with them.

There is nothing very startling in the Widows' and Orphans' Pensions Bill. Its object is to remedy some generally admitted defects in the Act of 1925, and there can be little doubt that had the Conservatives been returned to power by the last general election they would have produced some similar remedial measure. The average cost of the measure, for the next six years, will be about £8,000,000; in the first year the cost will be £5,000,000. Money can always be found for social reform, and it is much too late to point out that there ought to be limits to the responsibilities of the State as regards insurance. There will be no pause in the process, whatever party be in office, till all conditions and ages have had provision made for them by the State. The only points to be made, then, are that this Bill is not a distinctively Socialistic measure and that it goes a very little way indeed towards redeeming the large promises of benevolence made by Socialists before entering on office. It will not do them much good with electors who realize that any party coming into power would have dealt with the shortcomings and anomalies of the Act of 1925.

We must strongly protest against the endeavour of a popular London daily newspaper to lay the whole blame for police failure to clear up certain murder mysteries on the Police Commission's

findings and the restrictions imposed on the police in consequence of those findings. No doubt the task of detection would be easier if the considered restraints which society as a whole imposes on a section of its servants were entirely abolished. It would appreciably lighten the labour of detectives if all citizens were obliged to deposit their photographs, their fingerprints and their histories at Scotland Yard, to report themselves frequently to the nearest police station, to give up the privilege of uncensored correspondence through the post, and generally to make themselves slaves to the police. But the interests of society as a whole are more important than the convenience of all its servants put together. It is for society to decide what liberty shall be allowed the police, that decision being governed by a host of considerations quite outside the views of the police themselves, and it is for the police to do the best they can within the limits laid down for them. To argue otherwise is most mischievously to encourage discontent in the police. It is also to open the way to demands for all sorts of abuses. There is no tyranny which has not been excused on the ground that it was the most efficacious way of dealing with crime. But crime is not quite the most important matter which the rulers of a civilized community have to take into consideration.

It becomes quite impossible to follow events in China. Recently it was reported that the "Reorganization Party," under General Chang Fat-kwai, was likely to capture Canton. Then came the announcement that the Nationalists had driven his troops into the mountains, but this was immediately followed by the news that the most important potential rivals of General Chiang Kai-shek, namely Feng Yu-hsiang and Yen Hsi-shan, had combined to overthrow the Nationalist Government. Now we hear that Yen Hsi-shan has put Feng Yu-hsiang under arrest, and has telegraphed to Nanking his determination to carry out whatever instructions are sent him by the Central authorities to put an end to the present insurrection. Possibly Yen Hsi-shan, who is clearly an astute politician, will expect a bigger reward for this action than the Nationalist Government can afford to pay, but provisionally, at any rate, it would seem that Chiang Kai-shek has been unexpectedly unfortunate, and that each crisis overcome must strengthen the hold of the Nationalist Government.

Rumania is particularly unfortunate in her politics. Dr. Maniu, the Prime Minister, has carried out very considerable reforms in his eleven months of office, despite the facts that most of the banks are in the hands of M. Bratianu and the Liberal Party, and that the Regency set up by the Liberal Party has sometimes been suspected of partisanship. On the death of one of the Regents, M. Buzdugan, the Government took it upon itself to ask Parliament to elect a new Regent, despite the protests of the Liberals who declared this action to be an unconstitutional usurpation of authority. Since no rules for the election of its members were drawn up when the Regency was established, it

is difficult to see how the Government could have acted otherwise, but ex-Queen Marie had the ambition to be made a member of the Regency Council, and not she, but M. Saratzeanu was chosen. A very close friendship with many Liberal leaders would obviously make her unsuitable as a Regent, but apparently Dr. Maniu, in the hope of reaching a compromise, offered her one of the three seats, if her son, Prince Nicolas, would resign in her favour. This attempt to limit the members of the Royal Family in the Regency Council has led the ex-Queen to attack the Government in a violent newspaper interview, which may well lead to the resignation of the Maniu Cabinet and to a fresh and dangerous political crisis.

It was announced this week that the Government have decided to raise the status of the British legation in Warsaw to an embassy. The Polish legation in London will be likewise promoted. The announcement has caused considerable satisfaction in Warsaw, where it is looked upon as a recognition by the British Government of the strengthened prestige and stability of the Polish nation during the last few years. France and Italy have already exchanged ambassadorships with Poland, and America has announced her intention of doing so. The British decision is expected to be followed up by a similar move on the part of other States. Both countries stand to benefit by the new relationship. Poland is, by extent of territory, now one of the largest countries in Europe; her entitlement on this ground to ambassadorial rank *vis-à-vis* Great Britain is reinforced by the marked economic and industrial strides she has lately made to assert and confirm her position as a great nation.

The decision to electrify the main line from London to Brighton and subsequently from Preston Park, just north of Brighton, along the coast to Worthing, was not altogether unexpected. Plans had been prepared and approved years ago for this project, but it was shelved when the old London, Brighton & South Coast Railway became merged in the Southern combine. When a committee to enquire into the possibility of main-line electrification was appointed, we pointed out that the problem differed fundamentally from suburban electrification, because the former is complicated with heavy goods traffic and long non-stop runs, whereas the suburban problem is that of dealing almost solely with passenger trains with frequent intermediate stops. The London to Brighton traffic is almost wholly passenger traffic, and by reason of this and the frequency of the service may be said to come almost under the suburban heading. The decision to electrify it thus has no real bearing upon the general question of main-line electrification.

The Government are to be congratulated on their attempt to introduce compulsory insurance for motorists. It has repeatedly been pointed out here and in papers of every complexion that no man who drives a motor on the congested roads of to-day has the right to refrain from providing the means of compensation for those

whom he may injure. Once upon a time the possession of a motor may have implied means out of which the injured might be compensated, but with cheap cars and the system of deferred payment for them, large numbers of persons who could not well find fifty pounds, if ordered to pay it into court as damages, career over the casualty-littered roads of Great Britain. It is monstrous that they should be tolerated. Compulsory insurance would incidentally have a good effect on car driving. The man who takes risks would find it difficult to get himself insured on ordinary terms, and would then be driven to consider the desirability of moderating his recklessness. We welcome also Earl Russell's remarks about the necessity of the co-ordination of traffic. There are 2,163,000 motor vehicles on the roads, and a comprehensive measure of control is badly needed.

The Royal Commission on National Museums and Galleries, whose interim Report on some pressing matters appeared a year ago and was noticed at the time, has now issued Part I of its Final Report with general conclusions and recommendations; also the remainder of Evidence, with various appendices. They are to be obtained, price two shillings and one guinea, from H.M. Stationery Office, Adastral House, Kingsway, and should be studied by all interested in the development of those great institutions. An article by Mr. D. S. MacColl, dealing with the subject, will appear next week.

Our Agricultural Correspondent writes: "The Ministry's Report on the Marketing of Cattle and Beef in England and Wales (H.M. Stationery Office, price 6d.) has just been published, at an opportune moment. The report points out that our trade in home-produced beef is second only in importance to that of liquid milk, but that consumption has been declining in favour of imported beef. The three chief reasons given for the importers' success are: (1) low costs of production, (2) close adaptation to the requirements of the English market, (3) the system of centralized slaughtering in exporting countries. In the last connexion it has some pertinent things to say about our obsolete system of pseudo-public abattoirs. It discusses how far the farmer might save on intermediary costs by co-operative societies. While it regards not unfavourably co-operative buying and selling societies for supplying farmers in the fattening areas with cattle from the breeding areas, it is not in love with the idea of farmer-owned abattoirs, chiefly because of the immense capital required for this purpose from a not too prosperous industry, of the difficulty of ensuring regular supplies, and of the rivalry it might create with the other sections of the cattle trade who might well find themselves more favourably situated for conducting the abattoir business. It suggests, instead, that farmers' co-operative selling agencies might offer all the protection needed by the producer by selling fat cattle for slaughter in the public abattoirs which the towns are showing an increasing readiness to construct."

IS THE AIRSHIP ANY GOOD?

IS the airship any good? To answer this question that has been on a good many lips these last few days following the successful launching and first flight of the *R 101*, which were preceded by several adverse criticisms, it is necessary to discover first of all what those who ask it mean by "the airship." Do they mean the *R 101* herself (soon to be christened with a more personal and romantic name), or the airship in general, the *genus* airship? And again, if they mean the *genus* airship, do they mean the existing species of it or those that evolution may produce? There has been, ever since lighter- and heavier-than-air craft reached a practical stage of development, a constant battle between two schools of thought. In Germany the airship has always found favour since the first fabulous monster of Count Zeppelin startled the eyes and imaginations of the German public. In Great Britain the airship, though it has always had its champions, has never yet found much favour. At one time, when the *R 38* broke her back at Hull, with the loss of over forty lives—this was not an isolated disaster—it looked as though the battle for the lighter-than-air machine were definitely lost. But since then, owing to the faith and practical enthusiasm of a few believers, the airship has again been given a chance, and the *R 101* and *R 100*, shortly to be launched, are the first-fruits.

The achievements of airships to date are not particularly noteworthy. The Zeppelins in the war were of definite naval value as scouts for the German fleet. As raiders they were an exceedingly costly failure. Nobody pretends now that the airship has any important naval or military value; the case is altered with us, and our preoccupation with this kind of aircraft is solely directed towards its commercial uses. What, then, have been the commercial achievements of the airship in the past, and what are they likely to be in the future? And how do they compare, and how are they likely to compare, with the commercial achievements of heavier-than-air machines—the aeroplane and the flying boat? The *R 33* flew twice across the Atlantic in 1919. The *Graf Zeppelin* has flown five times across it, and last August made a noteworthy flight round the world. These achievements, spectacular in themselves, mean, commercially, almost nothing. We have yet to see what the *R 101* can do.

It is certain that commercial critics will require some satisfying. It will not be enough to say, as one newspaper said this week in praising the "triumph" of the *R 101*'s flight without mishap from Cardington to London and back: "The airship presented a graceful appearance and seemed to manoeuvre with ease as it passed over the City." Men of business will demand more of an airship than beauty of line and a seeming ease in manoeuvre before they will back it with their money and patronize it with their merchandise. The severest blow airship enthusiasts have lately had has come from one of their own number on the eve of the great launching. Commander Sir Dennis Burney, to whose enthusiastic advocacy the decision to build the new airships was partly due, and who

is himself largely responsible for one of them, has published a book* in which he admits with remarkable and somewhat galling frankness that, commercially considered, both the *R 100* and *R 101* are failures. It is disconcerting to read his views, and one is moved to enquire why none of the shortcomings which now seem to him only too apparent, could not have been foreseen. But since he says what he does—and being an "airship man" he is not likely to be biased against airships—it will be as well for everyone interested in the future of commercial flying to pay heed to his words.

The chief respect in which (at present) the airship is ahead of the aeroplane or flying-boat is its range. It can accommodate more tonnage aloft for a longer period; it can go farther without coming down. This is an advantage that with the development of multiple-engined heavier-than-air machines (the recently tested twelve-engined Dornier Whale, for example) it may not long retain. But if it cannot go fast enough, or regularly enough, to make this advantage effective, its commercial value disappears. Sir Dennis Burney maintains that both on the score of commercial utility and also on the score of safety the *R 101* is too slow. It must be bigger if it is to pay, but the bigger it is, the clumsier it will be to handle. The airship is in this predicament, that its size and weight increase in proportion to its speed, and that being a clumsy and delicate craft to handle on the ground, increasing its size is seriously prejudicial. If it can only be manoeuvred in and out of its shed in a calm, and generally handled on the ground in rough weather only with difficulty, what likelihood is there of its keeping to regular time-schedules in our variable climate? There is a second handicap. As it requires a large landing-party and either a shed or a mooring mast to bring it to the ground and accommodate it there in safety, an airship cannot land except where these facilities await it, and the cost of providing and maintaining them at reasonably frequent intervals along a route is very large. In Sir Dennis Burney's view these handicaps are a fatal bar to the commercial success of any airship built on existing lines.

He therefore proposes various changes, most important and sweeping among them a fundamental alteration in design, to put floats on the airship and make it in this respect a vast flying-boat, independent of landing-parties and masts or sheds, and capable of landing and being moored on water. Some such development as this may prove to be the eventual justification of the airship; or it may not. Sir Dennis Burney has high hopes of the complementary functions of airship, flying-boat and aeroplane. This may be so, or it may be that flying-boats will be built capable of doing all that an airship will be able to do, as efficiently and more cheaply. It is interesting to note that the champions of both causes are looking to water as the proper element for the development of long-distance flying. The big flying-boat, and possibly also the airship on floats, each able to follow shipping routes and utilize shipping harbours, and thus

* 'The World, the Air and the Future.' By Commander Sir Dennis Burney. Knopf. 21s.

to be independent of special landing facilities—these are the lines on which it seems probable that safe, economical and efficient communications by air are most likely to develop in the near future.

EAST AFRICA

IN issuing the Report of Sir Samuel Wilson on East Africa, the Colonial Office is careful to say that it is still studying the Report of Sir Hilton Young's Committee which was issued in January last. But Sir Samuel Wilson is Permanent Under-Secretary of the Colonial Office, and with such backing there is hardly any doubt which of the two schemes has the better chance of acceptance. The Hilton Young Commission, it will be remembered, went out two years ago to make recommendations on the federation of the various Government units of British East and Central Africa, and it came back with an elaborate draft constitution on which we commented at the time. The leading feature of the Constitution was the appointment of a Governor-General for all the various provinces, charged with the duty of co-ordinating policy, and, in particular, of protecting native rights. Sir Samuel Wilson has now come back with a new scheme.

Instead of a Governor-General there is to be a High Commissioner assisted by a Council. There is to be a majority of officials on the Council, and even the minority is to consist of members nominated by the Governors of the various states in East Africa. The Governors are desired to consult local opinion in making their nominations, but they will certainly nominate no one who is likely to be in the least independent. Moreover, the functions of the High Commissioner and his Council are strictly limited to the policy of trade and commerce. The services of the Customs, the Railways, the Posts and Telegraphs, Defence and Research are to be transferred to them, leaving to the local governments the direction of native policy which, under the Hilton Young scheme, was to be the special care of his Governor-General. This new Bundesrat for East Africa will no doubt be able to do very useful work, and a measure of federation is better than the present system of completely independent local governments. It is something, too, to know that the new scheme is assured of fairly general support in East Africa. None the less it is an evasion of the real problem in East Africa, and it is disappointing to find that on native policy the Colonial Office is still unable to make up its mind.

In 1923 the Home Government were quite positive about the future of East Africa. It was a black man's country, and where the interests of the African native and the immigrant races conflicted, the former must prevail. The Young Committee substituted for that a new formula. We were to continue to be the trustees of the African native's welfare, but our control was to be exercised on the spot by a Governor-General, whose duty it should be to secure that the same principles were followed in all the various governments. And now comes the Wilson Report, which says: By all means let us have a common policy in regard to the business

interests that we have in common, provided that native policy is left in the hands of the local governments. Thus the chief problem is as far from solution as ever, and we have the curious spectacle of local opinion actually preferring Downing Street control to the control of a local Governor-General of their federal union.

The reasons for this preference may not be wholly ingenuous. The control of a local Governor-General would be real, and exercised on the spot it could derive support from the very content of local interests. But the control from Downing Street would be one of theory, and might more easily be nullified in its actual execution. Unable to make up its mind for itself, the Colonial Office, it is understood, will now refer the whole question to a Select Committee of the two Houses. That is surely an evasion of its own responsibility in the matter, and a somewhat startling innovation on recognized practice. For normally the duty of the Legislature is to criticize the decisions of the Executive Government, not to make them in its place.

Quite clearly, there are no new facts to be elicited; they are all in the two reports, and the plain constitutional duty of the Colonial Office was to make up its own mind first and then leave it to Parliament to support or reject the policy. But if Parliament is itself to make these decisions, we are confronted with a new and, indeed, revolutionary principle. Is Parliament also to be consulted in advance about the Budget? Or about difficult issues in foreign affairs? We do not say that there is not a strong argument for new forms of Parliamentary control; we have ourselves argued here for an extension of the Commons' control over finance through committees, and have taken strong objection to the theory of foreign policy as a dark mystery only to be handled by a diplomatic priesthood. But one wants to be quite clear where the responsibility will lie. And one would demur to a system which enabled the Government to pick and choose where they would act on their own responsibility and where they would shelter behind the authority of a Parliamentary Committee.

The analogy of South Africa points to the hopelessness of any system of control from Downing Street. To give powers of self-government while reserving to yourself the right to protect one particular set of local interests is, in Gibbon Wakefield's phrase, like lighting a fire in a room and then stopping up the chimney. Our rôle in South Africa as the protector of native rights has made far more trouble for ourselves than it ever did service to the natives, and in the long run there is no alternative but the whole responsibility or none.

But there are great differences between the conditions in South Africa and East Africa. Nearly the whole of South Africa is suitable for white colonization, but in East Africa the areas suitable for white settlement are limited, nor could the dominant civilization there ever be white in the same sense as it is in South Africa. The native has a right to protection against a mere business invasion which he would not have against the entry of a new and higher civilization that deserved to supersede his own.

Perhaps the conflict between native and white interests is not inevitable. As West Africa has

shown, the native becomes, as the country makes material progress, a valuable customer and not a mere instrument of labour to make the fortunes of sparse white settlers. It may be that East Africa may develop in the same way. But undoubtedly there will have to be special measures for the protection of native interests during the period of transition. They must, moreover, be uniform over the whole area of our responsibility, and in our opinion the Hilton Young proposals provide the wisest and most easily worked method of control.

CAN INSANITY BE CURED?

BY QUAIRO

THE Annual Report of the Board of Control, just issued, though indicative of growing solicitude for the comfort and welfare of the increasing number of men and women formally certified as insane, is scarcely reassuring. We need not be unduly alarmed to hear that the last year has supplemented our asylum population—which now totals over 141,000—by the usual two thousand, since this increase is largely accounted for by the greater longevity, of sane and insane alike, which hygienic science or economic improvement has brought about. Not only do the occupants of asylums live longer than they did, but the adult section of the outside population—from which section, mainly, the insane are recruited—constitutes every year a bigger proportion of the whole.

The disturbing thing is that the ratio of recoveries to cases is so constant. Year after year, the thirty per cent. recovery-rate remains almost unaltered. If it be really true that, in the often-quoted words of the Report of the Royal Commission, "insanity is, after all, only a disease like other diseases," and that "a mind diseased can be ministered to no less effectively than a body diseased," it is obvious that students of psychiatry have not yet solved the pathological and therapeutic problems which it presents. The professional attitude to mental aberration is more sympathetic, more humanitarian, than ever it was, and public provision for the comfort and happiness of the insane is incomparably better than even a few decades ago. But neither the New Psychology, which, in spite of its vagaries, has illuminated many a dark turning in human behaviour, nor the New Physiology has yet led to the emergence of a curative technique effective enough to modify psychiatric statistics.

The Board of Control wisely stresses the desirability of linking up mental hospitals with medical schools; for not only would such linkage "make available to the mental hospital patients the services and advice of operating surgeons and of other specialists, but also it would stimulate the medical staff of the general hospital, and help them to realize that psychological medicine is not a subject to be studied in isolation, but a part of medicine as a whole." Moreover, as has been found with those ailments which we classify as physical, it is fatal, in contemplating mental disorders, to confine our study to their extreme or ultimate manifestations. Remembering how large a proportion of insanity becomes classifiable as such only in adult life, it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that a large number of mental illnesses—especially the biogenetic psychoses, dementia præcox and the manic-depressor type—have their beginnings in departures from psychological health as relatively trivial and possibly as relatively remediable as are the parallel beginnings of many a physical disorder. An important measure of reform, immediately practicable, intimately associated with this linkage problem, would

consist in adequate provision for the treatment and study of mental aberrance in its incipient stages.

As the Report points out:

The successful treatment of mental disorders on modern lines is prejudiced by the inability to make adequate provision for the patients, except during the relatively acute stage. There is urgent need for legislation to allow public mental hospitals to admit voluntary boarders. But the removal of the present statutory restriction, vitally important as that is, will not by itself be sufficient to secure early treatment. Much will remain to be done to educate public opinion, and to make it more generally understood how essential it is that all persons who show symptoms of any form of mental disorder should seek medical advice at the earliest moment.

Unfortunately, the observant layman can but feel sceptical as to the value of any medical advice on this subject that is likely to be within his reach. As things are at present, doctors, unless they specialize in psychiatry, commonly know as little as does the layman about the physiology and pathology of the mind. Rarely has the ordinary practitioner the vaguest idea of how to set about the study and investigation of mental illness. Yet it is the ordinary practitioner who might prove most helpful if he could be guided on to the right path. The *Lancet*, in an editorial article a fortnight ago, suggested that it would be a good thing to offer valuable prizes for essays indicating useful lines of research. For research, to lead anywhere, generally needs to be illumined by imagination.

Doctors who practise among working people—and, after all, these are the great majority of the nation—know how difficult is the problem presented by such incipient mental illnesses as are manifested by anxiety, depression, a sense of stultification and the like. The prescription of complete change of surroundings, rest from monotonous work and pleasant mental stimulation, which, in varying degrees, is available to the doctor practising among the well-to-do, is to his colleague impossible. If these unhappy people could, before their psychoses became established, be removed, to quote Janet, "far from their families, their enemies and their friends," as well as from the all too generally wearisome, depressing atmosphere of their homes and work, it is likely that many a tragedy would be averted. Is it credible that none of the four thousand suicides which take place every year might have been averted by a combination of physical and philosophical therapy at the right moment? The old-established religions have, in the course of their long history, fulfilled in the life of society many functions only indirectly connected with theology or morals. The modern intellect has found increasing difficulty in acquiescing in ancient dogmas and creeds, which accordingly have lost their influence on ordinary life and thought. This is not the place to discuss the purely metaphysical and philosophical significance of the change. But, coincidentally with this throwing over of traditional dogma and ritual, the individual has incurred great responsibilities, against which all sorts of institutions and practices devised by the churches hitherto insured him. The convent, the retreat, the confessional, the code of dogmatic postulates for the unhesitating solution of all kinds of moral and instinctive dilemmas: all have played useful and important parts in the hygienic history of the mind at least as great as their accepted parts in promoting spiritual salvation.

We want to evolve a new type of sanatorium; not so much for those acutely sick in body or mind, or even for the convalescent, as for these "early cases," destined to go wrong "if nothing is done about it." In such real health resorts or "retreats," drugs and the other conventional therapeutic agents of the medical art will, no doubt, have their place. But drugs will play a small part compared with those played by sunlight and fresh air, and by that true rest and recreation in the provision of which art and philosophy, religion and science, play and work, instruction and sympathy, have each something to contribute.

PROVERBS AND POPULAR SIMILES

BY VERNON RENDALL

"HAVE at you with a proverb!" says a servant in one of the dullest of Shakespeare's comedies. But the time has long gone by since a proverb could be regarded as an effective weapon. It is a broad generalization for a world which has become far too subtle to believe in such things, knowing that circumstances alter cases, and that the infinite and mysterious complexity of life cannot be circumscribed by any formula. A man of spirit, even if he believe in proverbs for most people, will feel that he is above them himself, the bright exception to make the general experience look ridiculous. James Howell pleaded:

The people's voice the voice of God we call;
And what are proverbs but the people's voice,
Coined first and current made by common choice?
Then sure they must have weight and truth withal.

Confronted with the blunders and humbugs of democracy, we cannot be so sure, and certainly the wit claimed for proverbs is gone. Perhaps they were felt to be witty in the days of Solomon or Æsop, but now they are stale beyond words, lacking either surprise or brilliance. Who ever paused over the warning of a proverb? The next minute, if he had a fairly good head, he might think of another that contradicted it. The man of fashion, according to Chesterfield, never uses a proverb, and the clever world, seeing the futility of these guides to wisdom, gained for a while some notice by distorting them. "Nothing succeeds like excess" and "Virtue is its own punishment" had a considerable run and may still be heard. But the good old proverb as an attractive addition to the literary menu is no more prized than the good old pun. Epigram and paradox have taken their place, and the wise have realized that poets, not gnomic writers, are the ideal interpreters of life. Where the proverb does survive with us, it is for a touch of fancy and an unusual setting provided by foreign examples. "No one knows," say the Arabs, "what the camel thinks of the camel-driver." That is not really a new or deep thought, but it pleases because it is so quaintly expressed.

The Far East is even more attractive with personal touches and an adornment of detail which the English mind, hating rhetoric, and loving brevity, does not reach. What Englishman could have made this proverbial?

Although mankind number a million millions, and although the desert of Shant-Tzi be boundless, yet here did Li-Hing encounter his mother-in-law.

The familiar English stock might have been made by a collaboration between Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Smiles and Martin Tupper. This general judgment is not disturbed by a collection* made by a learned antiquary which has taken years to gather and which shows that, if proverbs have gone out of fashion, they have abundant interest historically. Mr. Apperson does not confine himself to didactic sentences but also includes stereotyped metaphors and familiar similes. The abundant display of examples, following a saying down the centuries, notes where a great writer has helped to keep a proverb alive. We warm over a reference to Goldsmith's Vicar or Byron's Letters, and in particular thank the compiler for good rustic stuff, local phrases which have the unspoilt vigour of George Herbert or old Fuller. London is not England, and the country has preserved much that is better than copy-book maxims, though unknown to urban speech. In rural Oxfordshire forty years since the shrewd proverb was current, "It's the fox that spouts." When someone in a company is guilty

and no one will speak, the guilty man betrays himself by talking too much, clever though he may think his tactics.

Great and homely writers, Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, have preserved proverbial lore. To Scott especially the language owes much. Thus he took up Hamlet's "Yeoman's service" and made it familiar English. In general, English maxims are full of prudential morality, largely concerned with the weather. The Scottish proverbs have more salt. 'Rob Roy' alone is a mine of them. Mr. Apperson has delved there for "It's ill taking the breeks off a Hielandman" but not for "Every wight has his weird." Scottish independence breaks away from the standardized English of schoolmasters and journalists. It is some years since a writer or speaker has been able to give currency to a new proverb, or even choose a good old one. Tennyson is, perhaps, the latest writer to add to the popular stock. Within a few lines of his 'Morte d'Arthur' come

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
which is classic enough to be perpetually misquoted, and

More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of.
The Bible is a great source of proverbs, but when "To the pure all things are pure" is cited, few today think of St. Paul. This collection does not show how much that ardent Apostle has contributed to English with the "thorn in the flesh," the "forty stripes save one," the "labour of love," and that trenchant command to the Thessalonians about working before you eat which has been forgotten by a self-indulgent democracy.

The type of expression presented by "As good as gold" is obsolescent but goes to the very heart of the English people, revealing its limitations and real interests. "As clear as mud" is a rare example of humour. "As dead as a doornail" seems an odd saying, as Dickens notes in the passage cited. It refers to the cold feel of iron, and Shakespeare supplies the clue when the corpse of Henry VI is addressed as "Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!" These "Intensifying Similes" have been studied by a Swedish scholar. They hint what more than eight solid pages of this collection confirm: that our forefathers were very concerned about the Devil. Sport in modern times takes the prominent position, and we miss here "not cricket," which a German explainer of London idioms once sadly misinterpreted as "no light affair." It is essentially an English phrase which could hardly be current across the Atlantic.

Foreign sources have not, apart from Greek and Latin, contributed much to the English stock. Schiller's "Against stupidity the very gods fight in vain" has had some run, and Carlyle brought in "Speech is silver, silence golden," compressing the said silence, as Lord Morley remarked, in thirty-five volumes.

The ancient classics are treated by Mr. Apperson as fairly as one can hope for to-day. Trimalchio with his "Quod non expectes, ex transverso fit" was of the same opinion as Disraeli about the unexpected, but neither, so far as we can see, has been included. "Virtue is the only true nobility" is a direct rendering of Juvenal, and surely Horace should have been credited with *aurea mediocritas*, which is the "golden mean." He is quoted for "Between the devil and the deep sea," but the real Latin parallel is "Inter sacrum saxumque stare," to "stand between the victim and the stone knife," which takes one back to the earliest rites of Rome. There is the spiritual home of England, with the brevity, practical sense, good fighting qualities and stoicism which distinguish English proverbs and the English character. For poetry, grace and fancy one must look elsewhere. They would be—to quote a rare exception to the national stolidity—"as welcome as flowers in May."

* 'English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases': A Historical Dictionary by G. L. Apperson. Dent. 31s. 6d.

THE EXPERIMENT

BY T. EARLE WELBY

IT happened rather long ago and very far away, and the story has never yet been written. It was in India that the experiment was made, in a district suffering beyond all others that season from the postponement of rain. Day after day, the great clouds, obviously laden with moisture, moved over the district, but not a drop fell from them. The soil gaped in cracks, as it does there on the least excuse, and the earth almost audibly panted. The population resigned itself to a total failure of crops where a ten per cent. deficit means famine, so narrow being the margin. Only the Administrator, as it will be convenient to call him, had heart in him.

The Administrator was known to be a man with some eccentricities, but he had done well during his two years in the district, and in that remote region there still survived, for his benefit, some of the old prestige of his Service. So, when he bade the people hope, they almost did hope; and when he issued to the local magnates an invitation to assemble on a certain afternoon in the grounds of his bungalow to witness the precipitation of rain, they came, with a willing suspension of disbelief.

When they were met, and "after compliments," as the Government of India say in brutally summarizing the initial paragraphs of their correspondence with Indian princes, the Administrator made a sign to certain of his servants who were lurking under the porch. There issued then to the assembly two lictors, each holding by one wing-top a most heraldic bird, or, to be precise, that bird which Jerdon and other ornithologists invite us to salute as the Egyptian vulture but to which the British in India apply a coarser title.

If the assembly gazed upon the bird with controlled surprise, it eyed the assembly with an amazement in no way disguised. It knew itself for a creature beside which the pariah dog is a spoiled darling and the scapegoat a social success. No stone in that district but had at some time been thrown at it or at its kin, and no ingenuity of innuendo against the chastity of female vultures but it had been obliged to hear. And now it was presented in full durbar to the principal of its persecutors, under the immediate patronage of the Administrator himself, who was addressing the audience, doubtless in its praise.

He ceased speaking, and made a sign to certain other of his servants, two of whom then advanced, bearing between them with anxiety a large home-made bomb.

Another short speech, and the nature of the experiment became plain. Western science, it was conveyed to the assembly, had somewhat doubtfully accepted the theory that an explosion immediately under a cloud well-charged with rain could cause a shower. In the absence of artillery and other means of shocking the clouds into rain, the Administrator proposed to attach the bomb to the bird, which martyr, rising into the heavens for such time as the fuse allowed, would gloriously disintegrate at the end of that "indefinite reprieve," and the rent clouds would yield rain over at least a patch of the district. Success in this first experiment would naturally lead to its repetition, always under the Administrator's own control. He had been making enquiries, and he found the district was quite self-contained in regard to the supply of Egyptian vultures. The making of bombs, though tedious, and attended by risks for the inexpert, presented no insuperable difficulties, and, granted good results with this trial effort, he proposed to give a series of vulture and bomb receptions.

With these words, and the Administrator was not a man to indulge in words superfluously, he himself attached the bomb to the bird, using his sock-sus-

penders lest any inconvenience of chafing should be inflicted on it. The vulture appeared to protest, as against an honour too high for it; its body, which had seemed a dirty yellowish white at the moment of introduction but now was aureate with anticipation of the martyr's halo, was strongly agitated; and it drove its beak into the Administrator's wrist. But destined to honour, it could not be suffered to persist in lowliness. It was bidden, like the over-modest in the Scriptures, to go up higher.

Alas! the wings that amply sufficed to bear it from garbage heap to garbage heap were not apt for its novel mission, and the bomb was a handicap. It drooped, "its pinions disarrayed of might." It wavered, flapped with great vehemence, and just managed to reach the summit of the Administrator's bungalow. It perched there, on a roof of straw thoroughly dried through rainless months; perched with an effect of finality. In the dead silence, there could be heard a little hissing from the ignited fuse, and a very little smoke curled up into the still air.

The words of strong men in critical situations should always be recorded with exactitude. It is for lack of that care in historians that we wrangle to-day over the at'emic theory, not knowing for certain whether the Duke said, "Up, Guards, and at 'em," or not. Let me then set it down that the Administrator said, "Shoo!" He said it seven times, and the last utterance of it was in the tone of entreaty rather than of command.

Then there was a terrific explosion, a horrid odour of burned feathers, smoke, flame, miscellaneous dreadfulness, in which bird and roof vanished, without perceptible meteorological effect.

Next day the Government removed the Administrator on the ground that he had gone mad. Locally, he is remembered with veneration as a man who grudged not even his own bungalow in his zeal for the welfare of the district. Egyptian vultures still abound there, but he who wishes to study their disgusting habits at close quarters will find approach easier if he does not carry anything resembling a bomb. The methods of the present Administrator differ markedly from those of his illustrious predecessor, but his projects are regarded in precisely the same spirit. With so much madness common to all Administrators, why fuss about a slight difference in degree?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- 1 The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- 2 Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

THE NEW JUGOSLAVIA

SIR,—According to your Special Correspondent's article, 'The New Yugoslavia,' it would appear that Belgrade has adopted a new "principle" in political administration—the "principle" that, say, onions or sulphuretted hydrogen by any other name would smell sweeter! For dividing this new post-war State of Yugoslavia into nine Banats while obliterating and forbidding the use of the old territorial names (such as Croatia, Slovenia, etc.), cannot of itself solve any of the major problems that have afflicted those territories in recent years. Unbiased observers, as your correspondent truly says, cannot fail to be disappointed at the meagre results of the King Alexander-Zhivkovitch dictatorship; but to biased and suffering observers on the spot, such as the Croats—besides interested though detached outsiders like myself—"disappointment" is not a correct description of their feelings inasmuch as they never

expected anything from the dictatorship except political hardship, as I pointed out months ago.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to learn from your correspondent that the Belgrade dictatorship is popular "with the commercial community in all parts of the country." Dictatorships seem very popular with "commercial communities." Does not Fascism in Italy afford another example, and the projected Fascist coup in Austria still another? There seems to be a rapidly growing tendency in Europe for Governments to rule in the interests of these "commercial communities." How much longer will the peoples of Europe tolerate this sort of government for the benefit of these "business" minorities?

I am, etc.,

"TOURNEBROCHE"

MRS. EDDY

SIR,—Perhaps you will kindly allow me to support the writer of the review appearing in your issue of the 5th inst. I am not a member of the Christian Science movement, and hold no brief for it, but during the last twenty-five years have made a study of the teaching in connexion with the Scriptures as well as read quite a small library of books and pamphlets, and listened to many sermons and addresses purporting to be criticism of Mrs. Eddy and her writings. So that no one can say I am lopsided.

Your reviewer very rightly refers to the results of the venerable lady's teaching. I venture to think that if Mr. Dakin and the reviewers who support him referred to in the notice in your advertisement columns were to attend any of the testimony meetings held every Wednesday evening in the Christian Science Churches (there are ten in London alone), they might feel ashamed of themselves after listening to those who testify to having been healed of their physical or mental troubles which material remedies had failed to relieve them, many after being given up by their doctors.

Religion, like commercial products, has become competitive. Some aver that Mrs. Eddy has invented some new religion, which, of course, is quite erroneous. What she has done is simply to draw the world's attention to the fact that Christ's mission was a dual one—that of preaching a gospel and proving its truth by works, and that He promised those who believed, i.e., understood, would do "greater works." Mrs. Eddy showed that He overcame all the physical laws and discordant conditions of life by a knowledge of the "Laws of Spirit" and a realization of the omnipotence and omnipresence of God (Spirit), and it was left for her to do it. These laws are scattered throughout the Scriptures for those with eyes to see, possessing spiritual discernment. That is why it is impossible to understand Christian science without the Scriptures.

Surely Mrs. Eddy deserves something better than to be treated as though she were some criminal. In thus reviving the mission of Christ in its entirety, attention has naturally been drawn to the ministry's negligence (not their fault, but the training), and has accordingly brought down upon her head their wrath and indignation, leading many of them to utter the most amazing things. It is only fair to state that many have thanked her for bringing the Churches' attention to the matter, and some have joined the movement.

In this connexion it may be mentioned that the late Dean Stanley, of Westminster Abbey, presented a copy of Mrs. Eddy's book, 'Science and Health,' inscribed in his own handwriting, to the Westminster Library, and it was through the interest of Professor Huxley that the British Museum Library obtained the first of its six copies.

Mrs. Eddy did not claim to be perfect, but she bears a not unfavourable comparison with some of the saints of the Scriptures: David was a murderer,

an adulterer and a thief, Paul (Saul) was a persecutor of the Church and went to Rome with murder in his heart, Peter denied his master thrice with an oath. People attracted to the movement are, for the most part, drawn from the classes accustomed in their daily work to weigh and balance—lawyers, ministers of other religions, doctors, etc. While so many testify to physical healing they show gratitude for the Spiritual enlightenment that the teaching has brought to them leading to reformed lives—more unselfish ones.

I am, etc.,

"TRUTHSEEKER"

Falcon Court

THE "MARK" AND HOME-KILLED MEAT

SIR,—Mr. Cracknell's letter on the subject of public abattoirs comes at an opportune moment. The Ministry of Agriculture's report on cattle-marketing, referred to elsewhere in this issue, draws attention to the same point, although the defects from which English beef suffers in processing are not quite so general as he suggests. The fact is that many of our so-called public abattoirs are really just collections of privately rented abattoirs used by the butchers. As a result there is no continuity of activity in them. Sometimes they are idle, sometimes they are so busy that the staffs have to be paid at overtime rates, cattle cannot be given sufficient time to rest in the lairages, and the beef cannot be given sufficient time to hang, on account of the congestion. The result is, as Mr. Cracknell says, that our home-killed beef is sometimes less tender than the imported.

The result is also higher production costs, for no factory could work at the lowest possible cost on such eccentric lines, nor can the most economic use be made of the by-products by such lack of system. And while some butchers are most skilled in killing and dressing meat, others have not the knack of working so efficiently; this, again, results in giving away points to imported beef which we can no longer afford to give. But I do not feel this is an argument against the "Mark." The application of the Mark requires the presence of graders and markers, who will be used most economically in large abattoirs that work full time at regular hours. Because of the difficulty of getting beef graded and marked in small abattoirs working at irregular times, I think it might reasonably be contended that the Mark will expedite the existing movement towards public abattoirs run on factory lines.

I am, etc.,

YOUR AGRICULTURAL CORRESPONDENT

SIR,—Your Agricultural Correspondent has missed the point which "has aroused considerable indignation in agricultural circles." The Government gave a pledge in the spring that they would buy English beef for the Navy and Army in the autumn, and consequently the farmer had to pay more for his store cattle. After he had bought them, the Government repudiated this pledge and left him with, in the circumstances, dearly bought cattle.

It does not matter to the farmer what political party it was. He relied on the pledge of the English Government and the English Government have let him down, in what would have been, in any case, a very disastrous year.

I am, etc.,

J. L. CROSS

Catthorpe, Rugby

"SAXON" OR "ANGLO-SAXON"?

SIR,—Recently your Agricultural Correspondent, in an otherwise interesting article, referred to "Saxon" weights and measures and "Saxon"

times. There is an unfortunate tendency among some journalists and a few scholars, probably under Roman and Celtic influence, to forgo the use of the term "Anglo-Saxon" in favour of "Saxon." This is liable to lead to confusion with Continental Saxony, a nation with whom we have never been in political union.

The English tribes—Angles, Frisians, Jutes and others—never took kindly to the term "Saxon," which was more or less forced on them by monkish chroniclers writing in Latin, and by Celtic tribes. These English being prone, as John Bull still is, to compromise rather than quarrel over mere words, adopted the term "Anglo-Saxon," thus pleasing all parties.

"Anglo-Saxon" does not mean "Angle plus Saxon," but "Angle, i.e., as you Romans and Celts say—Saxon." If we must separately identify "Saxons" with any particular tribe, we could see them in the Frisians, and therefore the compound term could more correctly be "Anglo-Frisian." Hengist was "ein Fries, ein Sas." The term "Saxon" is not even native to the Saxons of Saxony, who had their own tribal names originally, but with their troubles we need not concern ourselves. The Romans loosely applied the term Saxon to the natives of the north-west German coast, and it was afterwards extended to the interior tribes and to the Angles of the Danish islands. Englishmen should refrain from using the word "Saxon" exclusively.

I am, etc.,

C. L. HALES

THE THEATRE CUP OF UNKINDNESS

BY IVOR BROWN

The Silver Tassie. By Sean O'Casey. Apollo Theatre.
The Rising Sun. By Hermann Heijermans. Adapted by Christopher St. John.
Improper People. By Rodney Ackland. Arts Theatre Club.

ONE of the chief nuisances of the English theatre is the person who is always complaining of its dullness and conservatism and yet is always an absentee when radical experiment is made. This pest will certainly limit his relations with 'The Silver Tassie' to the detached detraction of one who reads about its strivings with dramatic form and so finds material for disdain over the teacups. He who comes to scoff at least pays for his seat; he who stays away to sneer is the grand enemy of all theatrical innovation. 'The Silver Tassie' is a play which has about it the sweat and the swearing, the swollen veins and taut, agonizing muscles of a man in labour of creation. In the first act Mr. O'Casey shows once again his mastery of the wry and racy tenement comedy; Juno and Paycock, Plough and Stars are beginning to dance before our eyes and we say to ourselves, as Mr. Barry Fitzgerald and Mr. Sidney Morgan settle down to their armchair talk together, that Mr. O'Casey has done it again. "Done it again?" says the dramatist. "By thunder, that's a poor sort of performance for a man of strength and sanity and self-respect. I'll not be so feeble a fellow as to do it again." So he plunges from the tenement to the trench, from the seen to the unseen, from the actual to the abstract, from prose to poetry, from the sardonic humours of the slum to the world-welter of stupidity and slaughter in the war, from comedy with frizzled steaks to tragedy with all the incantations of despair.

Mr. O'Casey could have kept the tragi-comedy of Heegan, the footballer-soldier, cup-lifter and broken

hero, safe and sound by sticking to Dublin. But Mr. O'Casey, no less heroic than Heegan, has evidently decided that such a victory is too easy; accordingly he has followed Heegan to the guns in Flanders, justly remembering that countless Irishmen did make that journey. But war-time realism is now too common to attract the leaping mind. So Mr. O'Casey attempts a gunpowder sonata, which shall be both a litany of the damned and an outline of all human agony in silhouetted cartoon. With Mr. Augustus John to frame this episode and Mr. Raymond Massey as producer to give the massed and chanting martyrs their ghostly drill, the very pomp and ceremony of hell comes full in view with plain-song accompaniment. In short, the second act of 'The Silver Tassie' is an amazing experiment. When I read it a year or more ago, I could not easily accept the play's medley of realism and recitative, but Mr. Massey has assisted my conversion. It may puzzle and disappoint the routine playgoer who waits in some petulance for the mad thing to straighten out and become like 'Journey's End.' But any real lover of the theatre will react to the sharp sense of a personal battle behind the stage battlefield. Mr. O'Casey, refusing to exploit his comedic mastery of the breezy blackguardism of Dublin tenement and pot-house, has wrestled with his implement of expression in order to force it to new splendours and new significance. Such strife of mind and method is exactly what our humdrum theatre needs. Mr. Cochran has once again served us splendidly by backing Mr. O'Casey's audacity with his own and he has thus made more conspicuous the poltroonery of the Abbey Theatre directors who ran away from Mr. O'Casey after he had saved their theatre from passing into complete sterility.

The play is in some ways clumsy. So is a giant. Moving on two planes, it is jerky. It is presumably part of Mr. O'Casey's intention to keep it so; the formlessness and the changes of character without explanations conform to the nightmarish quality of the whole. The tragedy of the paralysed athlete, condemned to grow old in the bondage of an invalid's chair, sipping the unkind cup of physical ruin while his lusty comrades go forth to their games and their drinks and their girls as of old, finds its expression in a stammering of pain and a writhing of the broken body and not in a logical indictment of destiny, or a considered rebuke of man's cruelty to man. Mr. Charles Laughton, gravely hampered on the first night by huskiness of voice, gave in the last act all the pathos of an animal trapped, frustrate, and denied the mercy of despatch. But he was queerly cast as an Irish footballer and he failed to dominate the first act as he might have done. But, of course, it is not easy to dominate when the Irish players are about.

Mr. O'Casey tempers tragedy with clowns. Mr. Barry Fitzgerald, who magnificently plays First Fool in this piece, had not been entirely a rumour to me, although I had heard much of him as one greater than Mr. Arthur Sinclair. Nearly ten years ago I saw him play a small part at the Abbey Theatre in 'The Devil's Disciple' and I had never forgotten it. Mr. Fitzgerald is not provided in 'The Silver Tassie' with one of the richest O'Casey parts, but he enriches every line and movement of his rôle; Mr. Sidney Morgan is his partner in fireside philosophy and hospital hardship; more need not be said. The two have an interpolated "turn" with a telephone; the episode has no reason and yet wins, from the playing of it, entire justification. Such is the quality of their clowning. The rest of a large company all shine with a neighbourly and equal brilliance; if exceptions must be made, they shall be for Miss Una O'Connor, Mr. S. J. Warmington and Mr. Ian Hunter.

'The Rising Sun' is an admirable example of post-Ibsenite realism and a first-rate collector's piece fit to be the pride of the room marked "Repertory

School." It tells of the feckless father who is running a general store on family lines; he is happy, incompetent, harassed by his "multiple" rivals, and watching his domestic fortunes pass from slow decay to rapid ruin. His daughter tries to save the situation by a mild experiment in arson which will bring enough insurance money to stave off the immediate crisis. As the lady with a tumbled lamp she gives the flames a good start among the grocer's crates. Unfortunately she forgets a girl upstairs and finds that her helpfulness has turned unwittingly homicidal. What shall the poor wretch do? Let conscience rankle for a life-time or own up like a good girl and purge her offence in gaol? The humble scene, the economic conflict, the small town humours of local tradesmen and their evenings with the arts, the moral problem hardening into parlour tragedy—here is the whole range of repertory ingredients and Heijermans was an extremely capable chef in this kitchen. He wrote exactly the efficient kind of cash-desk-and-disaster play which the members of our Stage Society hailed as a masterpiece four times a year in the first decade of this century. It is a type which I am sufficiently old-fashioned to respect, and on this occasion the acting of Miss Angela Baddeley and Mr. Frank Cellier should be powerful aids to its success. Yet I must confess that Mr. O'Casey's uncouth but dynamic experimentalism makes my memory of the Dutchman's trim essay in suburban tribulation seem scant of ultimate size and short of grandeur. 'The Rising Sun' has everything but genius. 'The Silver Tassie' has genius and wants much else—order, logic, and so on. It is not a case, fortunately, of paying your money and taking one choice. You can choose both.

Had the week not been so crowded I would gladly have written about a play by a very young dramatist, Mr. Rodney Ackland. 'Improper People' is the stupid title of a fiery, dramatic squib describing the shabby genteels of Kilburn. Mr. Ackland knows what life is like in a crowded flat where the over-vitalized young get on the nerves of the under-vitalized old, where bills are unpaid and the children, desperately fretting at the bars forged by poverty, grow up into a squalid and hungry egotism. Unfortunately, many of our playgoers have lived in homes of this kind at one time or another and the reminder apparently enrages them. Mr. Ackland will, I hope, have sense enough to overlook such chilly words as met his violent little study of Heartburst Mansions—a study which I thought to be far more plentiful in promise than in mistakes. For box-office reasons let him try a Kilburn comedy next time, but for reasons of art let him go slow with the funny charwoman.

ART

FLUENT DECORATION

BY WALTER BAYES

The London Group. Twenty-seventh Exhibition. *New Burlington Galleries.*
Paintings by English Artists. *Paul Guillaume Gallery.*

BOTH these exhibitions have the admirable quality of being free from crowding, so that the first impression is agreeable and the visitor disposed to be pleased. The London Group is to be congratulated for having realized more adequately than most artistic societies the foolishness of accepting more work than they can pleasantly show. Any painter of sense would prefer having his picture ejected as soon as this limit has been reached. It might not be so, to be sure, if to exhibit a picture implied necessarily that it would be sold. But as this has not been true in any gallery for at least sixty years, it is time

that the truth should be realized by hanging committees.

At first sight one might say that as the London Group show contains two hundred oil paintings besides drawings and sculpture it still constitutes an excessive meal for the most voracious appetite. The exhibits are, perhaps, a trifle too numerous, but only a trifle: the modern painter, realizing how his contemporary public hates any insistent claim on its attention, has learned to produce light fare easily swallowed. I would not be ungrateful for this. I would rather any day undertake to look at every exhibit at the London Group than with the same conscientiousness at an equal number of works at the Royal Academy. No, that is not quite what I mean, but rather that I could not without rudeness give to the latter works the cursory attention which these seem to accept with so good a grace. We are breeding a generation exquisitely responsive to the famous injunction "glissez n'appuyez pas."

To be casual and unemphatic in manner need not imply, of course, that one has little to say; but readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW will probably already have gathered that in my view the two things do often go together in modern painting. What most of us have found so impressive in Mr. Sickert is that, considering his apparent superficiality, his content is nevertheless so considerable. It is not therefore entirely a compliment to say of his present exhibit at the London Group that I have rarely known a Sickert so like a Duncan Grant. As a passing entertainment it is brilliant; it looks lovely on the very trying colour of the walls of the largest of the New Burlington Galleries, yet it is just possible that as a permanent possession in a room it would share in some slight degree a disability from which, as compared with the older pictures a modern painting so often suffers, the shortcoming of not having quite "enough about it" to take its place in a highly organized and civilized apartment. 'Entente Anglo Rusie' (111), as it is called, confesses to be a derivation from Cruikshank. He was so varied a designer that it may be true: one would have suspected rather a Hindoo inspiration. However, Mr. Sickert has promised to send me a reproduction of the design in question (from which all the merit of the picture, he says, is derived) and he urges all artists to adopt the practice of painting from other people's designs and thus taking the money their intelligence and effort have earned.

Apart from the cynical humour in which the advice is wrapped, there is much to be said for it. To produce paintings of originality and inventiveness is very difficult. How much knowledge, how much research, is needed to produce a good cartoon or working drawing, how much science to make a colour scheme! How often have I seen a student work out a really beautiful cartoon; make a fair essay perhaps at a colour scheme only to find himself quite incapable of the swift and energetic exertion needed to consummate their marriage into a picture. The labour of these preliminaries, what some might call the donkey-work of the picture—probably because in no circumstances could a donkey possibly do it—are, indeed, so exhausting as to ensure such disappointment unless the artist has had a practice in "paint-slinging" far greater than his own efforts could find material for. In some degree, this experience in rapid execution has usually been provided by the artist doing virtually the same subject again and again; the admirable Wilsons which so instructively flank the modern works at the Guillaume Gallery owe something, doubtless, to this. They owe something also to the old practice of regarding the achievements of previous painters as stock to be drawn upon: one spends more lightly the capital another has hoarded.

So convinced, indeed, have I sometimes been that preparation and execution need not necessarily come from the same hand that I have even, as a

teacher, tried to get students to collaborate by passing a theme from hand to hand. Unsuspecting, I even mentioned my idea to a brother pedagogue, only to be frozen with an accusing glare. "You would take that man's design and give it to someone else," he said, "You'll break his heart." Well, perhaps it depends; I could imagine Cruikshank feeling flattered.

The 'Sussex Peasant' (96), by Miss Frances Hochkins, is a work very reminiscent of Mr. Sickert's manner and has, perhaps, as much as any work in the London Group show the combination of thoughtful preparation and spirited execution, a spirited scribble, perhaps, but of considerable verve. Mr. Drummond's 'Stag Tavern' (99) is the best thing he has shown for some time, admirable in its richly expressive but well subordinated background. It is delightful in these days of short-breathed painters to see a long passage so well controlled. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the figures, for the sake of which it is subordinated, are somewhat neutral, hardly adequate in interest to fill the stage so well prepared. Both of Mr. Duncan Grant's pictures at the Burlington Galleries have passages of delightful colour, but in both the hand continues to add more colours when the artist has exhausted his faculty of happy combination. He is more successful in his window picture (18) at the Guillaume Gallery. What an eye he has for a "taking subject," an attractive chance sequence of colours. Nor is it to be supposed that a scheme so complete as this one is to be obtained without an inspired inventiveness to fill it out where reality failed. Mr. Fry's little picture at the London Group show, 'Brantôme' (36), is an example of the capture of a short sequence of colours in beautiful relation. When he sets himself, as in the 'Salles des Caryatides, Louvre' (42) to the task of fuller narrative, it does not seem to occur to him to attempt a rather longer chain of similarly interesting colours; he declines towards photography.

A photographic quality also threatens to creep into the work of Miss Thérèse Lessore, who used to have so definitely geometric a sense of the carpentry of a group. Photographic almost, though with a pleasant old masterish "cuisine," is Mr. Gertler's nude (62) at the Guillaume Gallery; it is much better than his rather cloying still life (66) at the London Group. Mr. Paul Nash is also best at the Guillaume Gallery, with a picture of unusually full and free impasto, 'The Orchard' (22).

BROADCASTING

THE discussion between Señor Salvador de Madariaga and Monsieur André Maurois on 'The English Character,' under Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's chairmanship, was singularly lacking in what it might have been expected to produce, namely, home-truths. There was a disconcerting amount of "courtly foreign grace" in the way both speakers attacked the subject, never the object. How many listeners will not have felt a pang (of shame? of regret?) when one of the debaters insisted on modesty as being (I speak from memory) our national habit? I felt at that moment how my own tongue-tied attitude in the presence of the foreigner called continuously for an ever-increasing modesty, as I listened to the fluent, idiomatic English and clear pronunciation of this Spaniard and this Frenchman. Señor Madariaga approached the subject with a dispassioned outlook, in full possession of insight into the character of other countries than ours, a gift which he has used for that remarkable book of his on his own country, France, and this country. Monsieur Maurois's claim to know us comes from that series of penetrating studies of Englishmen (Mr. Desmond MacCarthy was right in saying that they are hardly

typical Englishmen) that shows the depth of his interest and the fairness of his judgment. While he was able to tell us what the Latin thinks of us, Señor Madariaga went further, and showed what the world feels about our peculiarities.

*

The third of those weekly talks by eminent men which are creating such a disturbance in our midst was by far the least agitating so far, which is curious when it is considered that the speaker was Mr. Bernard Shaw. Probably some listeners will have been disappointed that there was so little dangerously outspoken or brilliantly perverse handed out to them. But Mr. Shaw did two things: he confined himself to politics, and he indulged in moments of sincere seriousness. This last gave his long, swiftly-moving discourse a quality that, for me, at least, was new. I must shamefacedly own to being one of the crowd whom Mr. Shaw so much amuses, when he speaks, that little else is conveyed. We lose so much energy savouring his witticisms that the main thesis passes us by untouched, and we have to wait for the printed report to know what it really was all so divertingly about. But on Monday night there was a difference. The last admonition: that we do not train our children to be good citizens, left uneasy thoughts behind it. Well, there is one body in England who definitely set out to do that, the Quakers. And they, I believe, are not on the increase.

*

The following are interesting items from the coming week's programmes. Monday: Mr. H. G. Wells expresses his Point of View (2LO). Tuesday: Play—W. W. Jacobs's 'The Monkey's Paw' (5 GB), Mr. William Armstrong on 'The Art of the Producer' (N. of England), Mr. W. Y. Darling on 'What is Wrong with Scotland?' (Scotland), Prof. W. W. Watts on 'Evolution of Land Forms,' Prof. W. G. de Burgh on 'Duty' (2LO). Wednesday: Mr. R. L. Mackie on 'St. Columba' (Scotland), Miniature Biographies I, Mr. Harold Nicolson 'On William Fletcher' (2LO). Thursday: Talk on the maintenance of sets by the B.B.C. Senior Education Engineer (2LO).

CONDOR

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—190

SET BY GERALD BULLETT

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best original English sonnet or poem deriving its inspiration, but not necessarily its verbal substance, from Albert Samain's 'Dilection':

J'adore l'indécis, les sons, les couleurs frêles,
Tout ce qui tremble, ondule, et frissonne, et chatoie :
Les cheveux et les yeux, l'eau, les feuilles, la soie,
Et la spiritualité des formes grêles;

Les rimes se frôlant comme des tourterelles,
La fumée où le songe en spirales tournoie,
La chambre au crépuscule, où Son profil se noie,
Et la caresse de Ses mains surnaturelles;

L'heure de ciel au long des lès calinées,
L'âme comme d'un poids de délice inclinée,
L'âme qui meurt ainsi qu'une rose fanée,

Et tel cœur d'ombre chaste, embaumé de mystère,
Où veille, comme le rubis d'un lampadaire,
Nuit et jour, un amour mystique et solitaire.

B. "The expression 'to make a duck,' still in use among cricketers," says Professor Foodle, "is popularly supposed to derive its significance from the shape of the duck's egg; but this 'duck' is in fact merely a corruption of 'tut' or 'tut tut,' an oath with which, in a ruder age than ours, the batsman was apt to celebrate the fall of his wicket." We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best Foodle derivation of any three other well-established colloquialisms.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 190A, or LITERARY 190B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, October 28. The results will be announced in the issue of November 2.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 188

SET BY J. B. MORTON

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a description, in not more than 250 words, of the first appearance in England of a much-advertised prima donna by a young musical critic who knows nothing at all about music.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poem of not more than 12 lines to a lady, in the not far distant time when every piece of writing will have to advertise something. The poet, who is in love, is allowed to have his verses published on condition that he brings in a word or two in praise of "Slicko," the new lightning hair-dye. The point to be emphasized is that the poet is sincerely in love, yet may not ignore "Slicko."

REPORT FROM MR. MORTON

188A. The large number of entries for this competition only made my task the drearier. The standard was very low. Most of the competitors were content to make the obvious point that musical critics who do not know their job often write about the personal appearance, the dress and the mannerisms of the singer. Other competitors confused the work of the musical critic with that of the gossip writer. What I had expected, and what I wanted, was a parody, and a subtle one, of the kind of thing that may be read any day when a concert is criticized not by a gossip writer, but by a newly-appointed critic.

A. J. Perman's suggestion of a critic who has hurriedly looked up all the technical terms was amusing, and he managed to say a great deal without saying anything. I commend Non Omnia, who was almost the only competitor to use that favourite modern trick of discussing one art in the terms of another. Charles Cutting's use of literary quotations was a good idea.

I put forward for first prize Charles G. Box, whose effort is full of quiet humour, such as the omission

of the "many comparisons" suggested by Madame Capemalli's Margaret; and for second prize Charles Moore, whose use of the adjective "churlish" compensated me for many dull entries. For honourable mention I select James Hall.

FIRST PRIZE

Madame Capemalli's initial appearance at Covent Garden last evening naturally aroused considerable interest, for much has been heard of her abilities; and a crowded house gave this new aspirant to operatic fame a warm welcome. The familiar music of Faust, with its reminiscences, in the minds of lovers of grand opera, of so many who have filled the rôle of Margaret, suggested many comparisons, and the new prima donna did not suffer by them.

Madame Capemalli has a striking personality. As to her vocal abilities, she would not lay claim to the extraordinary and quite exceptional purity and facility of Tetrassini's upper register, nor would her most fervent admirers maintain that a new Patti has arisen in her. But the music last night was well within her compass, and her middle notes were marked by certainty. Here and there a keen ear might have detected a tendency to flatness, but this was all but imperceptible, and might well be put down to the unaccustomed surroundings. There is artistry in her methods, and she possesses no little dramatic power. The famous "jewel song" was well given. There is a distinctiveness in Madame Capemalli's art, which stamps her, if not as an exceptional, at least as an original performer; and escape from the stereotyped and the conventional is always welcome. Of the well-known music it is unnecessary to speak. We look forward with interest to the performances of Aida, Madame Butterfly and Carmen.

CHARLES G. BOX

SECOND PRIZE

At all costs one must avoid being betrayed into unqualified and unqualifying praise of an artist of such a reputation as Mme. Garnia, who made her English debut at the Albert Hall on Sunday afternoon. Were her scale passages evenly sustained? Was she at ease in her *colloratura* parts? Was her *tempo rubato* sound? Could her *tremolo* be wholeheartedly applauded and was her *glissando* faultless? These are the questions that the discerning critic asks himself and they can only be answered by a personal visit to Mme. Garnia's next concert.

Comparison are odious and it would be invidious to argue, as some may be tempted to do, on the respective merits of Mme. Garnia's voice and those of Melba, Patti and Jenny Lind. It would be churlish, too, to expect from her the personality of a Chaliapin or the sonority of a Caruso. If the enthusiasm of last Sunday's audience is any criterion, then Mme. Garnia is permanently enthroned in the artistic heart of London. She has won this place because of her superb vocal powers and the beautiful *timbre* of her voice. If she has a fault it is a slight tendency to coarseness in her middle register.

M. Strangoff completed the programme with his well-known rendering on the balalaika of Slavonic and Ukrainian folk music.

Mr. John Smith was Mme. Garnia's sympathetic accompanist.

CHARLES MOORE

188B. The entries here were of an even lower standard than those for the musical criticism. Almost all the verse was trivial. One or two entrants, as for instance Seacape, neatly avoided mentioning the word directly by concealing it in the body of the verse, and making initial letters spell it out.

Pibwob sent in a sonnet and so must be ruled out. Dab courageously tried blank verse, and Herne Williams relieved the monotony by:

Haste to mine aid, Parnassian fire,
So may I slick-ly time my lyre,

and more to that effect.

I cannot conscientiously recommend anybody for a prize.

BACK NUMBERS—CXLVII

[The Editor, whose pleasure and profit it has always been to give Stet on this page an unfettered hand, now briefly intrudes to inform Stet's many admirers that a book of selected 'Back Numbers' is to be published on October 24 by Messrs. Constable.]

HAVING puzzled at intervals for years over what can have prompted Verlaine's ignored offer to translate Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' I have now been struck by an explanation so obvious that it should have been one's first thought about the puzzle. Take these lines by Tennyson, among his finest achievements in the rendering of morbid nervous and spiritual sensations:

Be near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
And tingle, and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow.

And now recall that marvellous sonnet in which Verlaine epitomized the sufferings of his chastened flesh.

It belongs to the volume entitled 'Sagesse,' the most human and the greatest in the series which began and ended on very different levels:

La tristesse, la langueur du corps humain
M'attendrissent, me fléchissent, m'apitoient.
Ah! surtout quand des sommeils noir le foudroient,
Quand les draps zèbrent la peau, foulent la main!
Et que mievre dans la fièvre du demain,
Tiède encor du bain de sueur qui décroît,
Comme un oiseau qui grelote sur un toit!
Et les pieds, toujours douloureux du chemin!
Et le sein, marqué d'un double coup de poing!
Et la bouche, une blessure rouge encor!
Et la chair frémissante, frêle décor!
Et les yeux, les pauvres yeux si beau où point
La douleur de voir encore du fini!—
Triste corps! Combien faible et combien puni!

Coming out of a profounder pity than it was in Tennyson to experience, speaking for the body with a compassion as holy as that of saints for the soul in peril, it is greater poetry than Tennyson's where comparison is possible; but here the point is simply that the French poet must have been drawn to the English by their common subtlety in expression of states of lowered vitality.

By that, I now think, much more than his recognition of Tennyson's genius for friendship. To be sure, friendship meant a very great deal to Verlaine, as his innumerable dedications testify; and for that streak of the feminine in Tennyson's devotion to Arthur Hallam, the sentiment which caused an early reviewer to describe 'In Memoriam' as an effusion from the full heart of the widow of a military officer, Verlaine must have had some appreciation. But the moral basis of Tennyson's devotion must have perplexed the man who wrecked his home to go on vagabondage with Rimbaud. And, quite certainly, he cannot have cared for Tennyson's ambition to attain to a definite religious attitude without a definite religious conviction.

The sustained stupidity of his calumniators obliged Verlaine to make a defence where none was needed by readers with the least imagination; and he admitted the duality of his nature, his life, his work with the absolute sincerity that always distinguished him. Tennyson could not, for more than a single poem, accept himself even before the blight fell on his genius, and in later years the single poems of acceptance were separated by masses of work wrought exquisitely but against his truest inspiration. He ought to have been almost exclusively the poet of relaxed moods, of spiritual ebb, of brain-sick thought,

and of landscape harmonized with them. So in nearly all the hours of his greatness he was; but far too often from the first he was self-persuaded to speak for the nation or out of some conception of himself which had little warrant in his spiritual or physical history. But Verlaine, and never more than in the matter of religion, was passive to every suggestion of his own nature, his genius reacting to it faultlessly and to the full. As the disorder of his life was wholly free from any Byronic nonsense about living down to a conception of himself as a bad man, so his religion, when he was religious, was without quibble, reservation, or lashing-up of faith. His whole art was obedience to the inspiration of the hour without memory of other inspirations, without fear of after-thoughts, and without any sense of obligation to the principle of consistency as understood by the public.

And thus that subtlety, common to him and Tennyson, in rendering certain nervous and spiritual conditions, tells with him, making as in the quoted example a great poem by itself, as it does not with Tennyson, who would have thought he was forgetting his duty to his Maker, or to the Prince Consort, or the nation, or his settled notion of himself if he had used it otherwise than incidentally. Verlaine, in his simplicity, could never see why poetry should be bigger than its boots, or try to raise itself by pulling at its boot-straps, or, given the mood, refuse to repose its head on the hospitable bosom of Longfellow's lady because of the strange device, Excelsior. As, in his wise humility, he accepted the whole of himself, so also in his just pride he assumed that expression of that self, precisely as it was, not at its best or some unreal average of moods, but in the mood of the moment, would suffice. And his style in verse was the style of one loyal only to the impulse, never that of the writer who obliges the mood to accommodate itself to a mould made to suit the general idea of himself.

But let it not be supposed that I am covertly hinting disparagement of English genius to the advantage of the French. Beyond question, Verlaine owed something to English poetry, technically and otherwise so much less settled a thing than French, so much less invaded by rhetoric:

Prends l'éloquence et tords lui son cou!

Even his landscapes, in some instances, have the haze and spirituality frequent with us, virtually unknown in countries with a functioning sun. The writer of that *Ars Poetica*:

De la musique encore et toujours!
Que ton vers soit la chose envoyée
Qu'on sent qui fuit d'une âme en allée
Vers d'autres cieux à d'autres amours,

Que ton vers soit la bonne aventure
Éparse au vent crispé du matin
Qui va fleurant le menthe et le thym,
Et tout le reste est littérature—

was enunciating ideals far more familiar to English than to French poets. That, however, is not the point I am trying to make.

What seems worth saying, or getting said on better authority, is that, the chatter about Verlaine in the 'nineties having long ago died away, it is time he were lifted out of the atmosphere of preciosity and adulatory or hostile misunderstanding, and taken quite simply for the great poet he was.

STET

REVIEWS

THOSE DAYS

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Those Were the Days. By A. A. Milne.
Methuen. 8s. 6d.

NOTHING in Mr. Milne's book better becomes it than the title he has chosen for it. It contains the contributions of "A. A. M." to *Punch*, all four volumes of them between one pair of covers, most of them written in the years immediately preceding the war. And, for this sort of writing, those were indeed the days. Mr. Milne did not entirely originate the style which he made famous (and which made him famous) nor did it cease when he gave it up. You can find a germ of it if you isolate one element of 'The Dolly Dialogues,' and there was also a book by Mr. Oliver Onions, called, if my memory is accurate, 'Bachelor's Buttons,' which was a precursor. But "A. A. M." of *Punch* (one never referred to him save by the full title) was, as it were, a lake into which streams flowed and out of which other streams flowed again. Some of them, indeed, are still flowing: his progeny was too numerous to disappear. But between, say, 1910 and 1914 they made a sort of network over the landscape. Probably the number of human beings who during those years were enticed into literature by a desire to create new Archies and Simpsons and Dahlias and Miss Middletons cannot be guessed save by those who at that time happened to be editors of undergraduate papers. The amount of sincere flattery given to Mr. Milne by the Universities would have astonished him.

At the same time he was genuinely famous in the adult world. He says that "there were galling evenings in those early years, when on being introduced, how blushing, to my dinner-partner, almost 'A. A. M.' of *Punch*, I was congratulated, almost automatically, on my drawing of the current cartoon, or, if the more elderly had fallen to my lot, on my joke about the curate's egg and my historic 'Dropping the Pilot.'" But if this really did happen to Mr. Milne with any frequency he must have moved in circles other than those of which he wrote. The world he described was a *Punch*-reading world, and it looked as assiduously as complacently into the mirror which he held up to it. I could not now reckon how many times it came to the conclusion that he was beginning to fall off, but it never really fell away from him. He instead, wisely, fell away from it. Those were the days—and they came to an end. Mr. Milne seems to think that it was only because he grew older. Perhaps he was fortunate in growing older and, conscious of it, growing dissatisfied with going on doing to infinity what he had done so often and so well already. This saved him from the comedian's fate of lingering on the stage when the taste of the audience has changed. But that taste did change, the world changed. Those days have gone for ever. Few authors have been more fortunate than Mr. Milne in their relations with their time. His talents and his stage of development as a writer were precisely suited to those years and to that aspect of life, and when the scene had changed he had changed too.

It may seem that I am using rather portentous language to describe the creator of the Rabbits. But it is impossible to avoid considering him as a social phenomenon because he does bring back so convincingly the atmosphere of the pre-war years. There are plenty of contemporary references on which, for the enlightenment of the young, an historian might write accompanying notes. A whole disquisition on Early Georgian politics might be appended to one or two jocular references to an anticipated German invasion. Dr. Cook makes his appearance here, there

is a coal-strike, and one can trace quite clearly the growing popularity of golf. But it is rather the spirit that is of interest than the concrete details. Mr. Milne speaks of himself as having been then "happy and careless, young and irresponsible," but it is something more than his own qualities at the time that inform these pages. It was easier to be happy and irresponsible then, at any rate for that upper middle class of which he wrote. It has been said that this class was at the height of good fortune round about the 'sixties and the 'seventies, when, to be sure, it got astonishingly good value for its money. But it got then good value only in the things which were available for it to buy. There were not so many of these and it was restricted in its enjoyment of them by all sorts of conventions and prohibitions which were expunged from the Edwardian and Georgian code. Mr. Milne wrote of people who had learnt to enjoy themselves and had facilities for doing so. It is true that, while he was on the staff of *Punch*, income-tax was raised to the horrific height of—was it tenpence?—and that the supertax was introduced. But these burdens were still not oppressive enough to interfere with all sorts of new amusements.

And Mr. Milne's people were determined to be amused and quite innocently and happily set about it. The middle classes were at last shaking off those conventions which had survived in the previous generation even if only from force of habit and were proclaiming the new doctrine of the "good time." Cricket, golf, week-ends, motoring, winter sports—there was an only half humorous agreement to regard these as the important things in life and these were Mr. Milne's subjects.

It is, I am aware, no great compliment to him to expatiate on the antiquarian interest which his book provides. But it has, if one chooses to look for it, just that interest which one can always find in an old volume of *Punch*—and it need not be so very old, either. The seeker after a feast of pure humour will probably find research into the files of *Punch* a disappointing enterprise. But, if his mind is that way bent, he will find an unending succession of thrills of the sort best expressed in the exclamation, "Did people really look like that then?" The accuracy of *Punch* throughout its long career has been unsurpassed, though much the greater part of its humour is now unreadable as such. And those contributors whose humour has withstood the assaults of time have almost always been as accurate as the rest. Mr. Milne seems to me, so far as it is possible to form a judgment when one reads through a mist of reminiscence and sentiment, to belong to this category. He held up a mirror to his time. It was to some extent a distorted mirror, but we can easily guess to what extent, and can at the same time take pleasure in the distortion.

His is a humour of small points. Some of them seem now to be rather too small. It was once, I remember, amusing to call clocks Edward, Muriel and John. To me, at any rate, it is amusing no longer. That is, perhaps, because it is very easy and too many persons (including myself) have done it, too often, for purely domestic purposes, but the best comic devices cannot be cheapened so. But a great many of them are (again—to me, at any rate) still as sharp as ever. There is pure absurdity in the inclusion of the following item in a review of the year's events:

YCLEPT

We were yclept every morning punctually at eight (and arose punctually at nine-thirty) throughout the year.

This is, however, rather more characteristic:

"It's about time," said Simpson one evening, "that we went to the tables and—er—" (he adjusted his spectacles) "had a little flutter."

We all looked at him in silent admiration.

"Oh, Samuel," sighed Myra, "and I promised your aunt that you shouldn't gamble while you were away."

"But, my dear Myra, it's the first thing the fellows at the club ask you when you've been to the Riviera—if you've had any luck."

"Well, you've had a lot of luck," said Archie. "Several times when you've been standing on the heights and calling attention to the beautiful view below, I've said to myself, 'One push, and he's a deader,' but something, some mysterious agency within, has kept me back."

Mr. Milne was not only a master of the joke of this sort, he was also able to produce it in unfailing profusion and further to make a succession of such jokes into something of a balanced whole. As he himself says, "Not the simplest sketch in this manner can be written without a definite idea at the back of it. However irresponsibly the thing seems to move, it must be moving always to a foreseen end." This was what most of his imitators overlooked. He had the artist's concentration on what he was doing, and he knew that the artist cannot be frivolous in a mundanely frivolous mood. He was a strict and severe workman, and perhaps the lapse of time makes this element in him easier to perceive than it was twenty years ago.

VICTORIAN ROMANTICISM

The Victorian Romantics, 1850-70. By T. Earle Welby. Howe. 25s.

MR. WELBY is a critic whose judgment is as fine as his knowledge is enormous and varied. In his new book he is primarily an historian, but his history of the Victorian Romantics is doubly interesting because it is also a criticism. He describes his subject in a sub-title as, "The Early Work of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Morris, Burne-Jones, Swinburne, Simeon Solomon and their Associates," and he restates it in the course of his book in the sentence: "What I have proposed to myself is to study Victorian Romanticism in the origins of its several phases, and especially in those periodicals, the *Germ*, the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, *Undergraduate Papers*, in which challenges were thrown out to the orthodox." He definitely sets out not to appraise the final achievement of Rossetti and the men of genius or something less than genius with whom he was associated, but to provide us with "a series of critical miniatures, exhibiting them at, or soon after, the moment of entry into the movement." "I seek to present them," he writes, "not with the prestige of their whole achievement but as they originally appeared to the public of their day."

He does not claim for Rossetti and his group that in inaugurating a romantic tradition they were the heralds of anything entirely new in the English arts. A history of the romantic movement in English poetry would, he admits, take us back at least to Spenser. The Victorian Romantics, however, differed from all their predecessors in founding a "movement," almost a religion. Even the Lake School, as Mr. Welby says, is, in comparison, "a fiction." Under the leadership of Rossetti a man with "that easy dominating way with men which marks a supreme leader," a group came into existence which was to initiate a cult of beauty in painting, literature and the applied arts, which had no parallel in the previous history of England. "In 1848, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Millais, Woolner were very young men, the oldest twenty-three, the youngest nineteen, and they came together at the Royal Academy Schools in a discontent with contemporary painting strong enough to hide from them unlikelihood of permanent agreement." The first successes of the Romantics with the public were in painting, and Mr. Welby points out that the common notion that they were assailed or, at least, ignored at the outset is an illusion. The truth is Millais sold his 'Carpenter's Shop' in 1850 for £300, and in the same year the pre-Raphaelites were hailed in the *Art Journal* as "the future great artists of the age and country."

If they were afterwards bitterly attacked, they were quickly to get the better of their enemies. The Romantics had less to complain of as painters than as writers. It was as painters, indeed, that they were exclusively known to the public for a considerable time: "It is essential," says Mr. Welby, "if we would see Rossetti and his associates with the eyes of their contemporaries to bear in mind that for the public, so far as it was made aware of them, they were from, say, 1850 to well after 1860 simply innovatory painters, not workers at once in literature and pictorial art." Nor did the literature of the group, when it was ultimately published, make any immediate impression comparable to that which had been produced by their paintings. Morris's first volume, Rossetti's translations of the early Italian poets, Swinburne's 'Queen Mother and Rosamund' all "fell dead" on their first appearance, and Christina Rossetti alone found an audience from the beginning.

Mr. Welby is too sane a critic to pour abuse on the age for not immediately appreciating the genius of the new poets. He is not an idolater, and he does not ask us to accept extravagant estimates even of the writers he most admires. He sees the limitations of Rossetti and Morris as clearly as he sees those of the minor satellites of the group. He concedes much of the enemy's case in those sentences in which he writes: "It is a question whether the error of those who would serve beauty with too exclusive and purposed an art is not almost as serious as that of those who would use art for the direct magnification of God. In Rossetti, at any rate, only not in 'Jenny' and 'Nineveh' and some four or five other pieces, there is a concentration on the purely æsthetic effect which, in a kind of search for short cuts for beauty, has its dangers, as the view of life taken at one period by William Morris, his human figures appearing to be worked on a tapestry against a world that is just so much *décor*, has others." And he shows an equally well-balanced judgment both in his appreciation and in his depreciation of Morris. Writing of Morris's development as a poet, he observes:

If there was any development in Morris, it was in his poetry and it was not altogether fortunate. He began by recreating, in that wonderful first volume, 'The Defence of Guinevere,' the life of the Middle Ages, apprehended with faultless intuition, but from without. He proceeded by allowing himself to be drawn into the Middle Ages, as if Columbus should dwindle into a colonist, forgetting the excitement of discovery.

It is because Mr. Welby is so temperate an apologist for the Victorian Romantics that he is so effective an apologist. It is this pervasive judiciousness that makes his miniatures of painters who are now little more than names, and of poets who are seldom read except in anthologies, as the lesser figures of the movement have now become, so interesting. Among these lesser figures, we find Sebastian Evans, James Thomson, R. W. Dixon, Arthur O'Shaughnessy and Philip Bourke Marston; we can measure his capacity for acute discrimination by his comment on the last two: "In Marston and still more in O'Shaughnessy poetry becomes tenuous, not so much through spiritualization as through lack of blood." It would be unfair, however, to Mr. Welby to represent his book as being overloaded with definitions of the weaknesses of the Romantics. His appreciation is always as generous as it is discriminating, as when he writes of Morris, "the pedantry of applying specialized measuring instruments to what he did in so many departments is rebuked by the personality of so great, simple, hasty and universal a creature. To judge him by what he did in any one matter is like judging a man's life by what he does on Mondays."

He is, indeed, extremely well-fitted to be the historian of the Victorian Romantics. He is at once

convinced of their importance in introducing a new attitude to art and literature and, at the same time, sufficiently detached not to over-emphasize that importance. He has also something of the antiquary's interest in literature which enables him to read, with the eagerness of discovery, the dead books of an age. In the result, he has written a book which is, as so few books on such subjects are, original. No one else writing on the same period could afford to ignore it. Here we have an account of the origin of the conscious cult of beauty in England—a cult which has had a permanent influence not only on literature and painting, but on the very decoration of the English home. Possibly the great figures of the cult will never again seem quite so exciting as they seemed to the aesthetes of the second half of the nineteenth century. They were, as Mr. Welby says, with the exception of Morris, "specialists in imaginative experience," and their property, perhaps "not related quite closely enough to what in life is inexhaustible material for the artist, was the poetry of men who could not profit as artists by the whole of their experience." But a movement that affected life, painting and literature at so many points can never cease to be of interest. Mr. Welby's historical and critical notes—for he has not attempted a conventional and orderly history—should help to revive curiosity about one of the most effective revolutions in the literary and artistic records of England.

ROBERT LYND

INDIA'S FUTURE

The Dilemma in India. By Sir Reginald Craddock. Constable. 15s.

THE length and distinction of Sir Reginald Craddock's service in India, and his reputation for independence of mind, give great authority to this opportune study of the Indian political problem. Before discussing that problem with him, it behoves us to define it in terms readily comprehensible by those who have no first-hand knowledge of the country presenting it.

Several of the Indian provinces are closely comparable in area and population with the territories of great European powers. Thus, Madras, though somewhat smaller in area than France, has two millions more of population. Bengal and the Central Provinces, with the States connected with them, have a population equal to that of Germany. Bombay equals Spain in area and surpasses Spain by five millions in population. And, to look at the Native States, Kashmir is much larger than Switzerland and but little inferior in population, and Mysore can be matched with Bulgaria. Now, what we are expecting of India is that a population equivalent to that which in Europe is divided among more than twenty Powers, shall unite into a single nation. But even that is an inadequate expression of the extravagance of our hope. For we are expecting that vast population, far more divided by race and language and religion than Europe's, and now at stages of civilization far more diverse than Europe knows, to achieve unity in consequence of the withdrawal of the only force making for co-operation, for tolerance, for impartiality as between castes and races and creeds.

English is the one common language for political or other discussion in India: the number of persons literate in English is two and a half millions, but when due deduction has been made for Europeans, for the small but advanced exotic Parsi element, and for the literates in the Native States, the figure is reduced to one and three-quarter millions. The distribution of this tiny minority as between classes and provinces is

very unequal. If the three Presidencies be eliminated, there remain only 600,000 literates in English for the whole of the rest of India, including the United Provinces with forty-five million inhabitants, Behar and Orissa with thirty-four million, the Punjab with twenty million. As between Hindu and Mohammedan, the balance is very heavily against the latter, who have 315,000 persons literate in English out of a population of seventy millions. And within the Hindu pale we find that twenty million high-caste Hindus virtually monopolize literacy in English.

The prospect is thus not merely that of an oligarchy, minute in membership but drawn fairly evenly from all parts of the country and from all races and castes but the most backward. The prospect is that of an oligarchy in which large areas and many numerically important communities would have no say at all. That towards which our policy has moved since Mr. Montagu gave it its bias in 1917-1919 is an oligarchy that may be called Hindu since it would exclude Mohammedans, Sikhs, Jains, Parsis, Indian Christians, Eurasians, Europeans, but in which nine-tenths of the Hindus themselves would have no share. The Chamars of the United Provinces are as numerous as the population of Australia, but they include only 200 persons with even a smattering of English, and as a low caste would have not one jot of power if they raised the number of literates in English to 200,000. The "untouchables" of the South, who "pollute" the higher castes at sixteen feet, thirty-two feet, or sixty-four feet, would remain more than sixty-four feet from the ballot-box even if they acquired education enough to make any wise use of the vote.

Faced with this prospect—and for reasons there is here no space to give, it is really darker than here represented—who can seriously contemplate the resignation of the British trust in India? It is not

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as if the oligarchy succeeding to our impartial and unifying authority would strive, however inexpertly, to continue our task. During the last twenty years, Indian Nationalism, afraid to admit any social defect lest it should be used as an argument against political concession, has taken to glorifying every old Indian, usually Hindu, institution and usage simply as such. The machinery of Western democracy is destined, then, to be used in India for Oriental reactionary purposes. The division of Hindu society into reciprocally exclusive classes greatly facilitates such use. It is a commonplace of history that political tyranny is always willing to pander to the prejudices of the masses in matters which do not affect it politically; and it is easy to wink at, even smile upon, social abuses confined to a caste not one's own.

Sir Reginald Craddock, who has covered nearly the whole ground with obvious concern to be just, cannot envisage British retirement from it. The alternative is Indo-British partnership. And why, we would ask, should it be temporary? India, for which as a whole there is not even a term in any Indian language, is purely a British creation. The continuance of an effective British element in the government of the country, rather, of the sub-continent, is clearly the condition of India remaining a unit instead of splitting up. Also, it is the condition of the Native States, which cannot be isolated and will not suffer themselves to be dominated by a non-British Government of India, remaining in relation with the rest of India. Lastly, and perhaps most importantly, it is the condition of a British garrison remaining in India, and without it there would be both calamitous internal disorder and prompt invasion from the north-west frontier.

As Sir Reginald Craddock says, in a profound epigram, we must not give India a gift that will vanish in the giving. Complete dominion status would mean, for a week or a month or just conceivably a year, an oligarchy more narrowly based than any the world has yet known in a comparable area, and then disruption. Diarchy, which we have tried for ten years in India, has worked, where it has not totally broken down, in consequence of a use of arbitrary powers it is intended to make obsolete. It can lead but to anarchy or to reaction or to deadlock. The particular scheme Sir Reginald recommends may have its defects, but it is only from frank and loyal partnership in a unitary, not a diarchical, system that India can have any but a disastrous future. We earnestly commend his book, together with the writings of Sir Michael O'Dwyer, Lord Zetland, Sir Valentine Chirol, to those who will soon have to take one of the most momentous decisions in the history of the Empire.

MRS. BEDDINGTON'S MEMORIES

All That I have Met. By Mrs. Claude Beddington. Cassell. 18s.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY tells us that, when he was plaguing his mind to find out the secret of writing something memorable, his Muse gave him the best of all advice—"Look in thy heart and write." Mrs. Beddington got a similar precept from Lady Gregory, "the Egeria of the Irish Renaissance," who told her that her self-confessed ignorance of the author's craft did not matter at all—"Just write as you talk." Those who have listened to Mrs. Beddington's brilliant inconsequences and improvisations will agree that Lady Gregory was right, and that her advice has resulted in a highly entertaining volume of reminiscences. She has known almost everybody worth knowing since the last decade of the Victorian era, and the anecdotes and thumbnail personal sketches which form the bulk of her too brief volume are always entertaining and generally new.

She has fully performed the task laid on her by one adviser, to "provide plenty of quotable titbits": an unforgettable picture of poor Lord Lytton—of all people—forced to accompany Ouida on what she called a country walk, crawling "at a funereal pace beside her, while she tottered on her pointed heels and dragged her silken skirts through the damp grass"; a characteristic anecdote of Gladstone, absorbed in official papers while the young people in the room at Hawarden held a whispered discussion on the best way of drying a bath-sponge for packing, when the Premier suddenly turned round in his chair and boomed at them, "Lay a towel on the floor, put the sponge on the towel, and jump on it!" There is a most amusing sketch of the eccentric Warren de la Rue, whose passion for detail in the domestic economy of his Newmarket house carried him to the length of pinning up a printed notice in the ladies' bathroom—"If the water is not hot, send for me." Although he kept a first-class French cook for his guests, he ate very plain food himself, and Mrs. Beddington truthfully observes that "it casts a gloom over the feast for the guests to be eating rich dishes while the host chews boiled mutton and tapioca pudding." Still more eccentric was a certain "Mr. M." of White's Club, where another member one day "found the cold steel of a revolver pressed against his temple and found M. at the other end, asking: 'Have you finished with *The Times*?' " There is a delightful story of the beautiful Mrs. Cornwallis-West. Mrs. Beddington took a friend to Newlands, who was prejudiced against what she called "spoilt beauties"; but on arrival they found their hostess kneeling in front of a fireplace, with grimy chamois gloves on her hands and black smudges on her exquisite face. "She glanced at us with half an eye as we came into the room; muttered: 'The housemaid said she couldn't get rid of these stains!' took a fresh helping of Bluebell polish, spat professionally on the brass and resumed her labours."

There is an ample fund of similar anecdotes of all kinds of people in Mrs. Beddington's entertaining pages. But the best part of her book is her remarkable description of her own Victorian childhood, under the harsh and despotic sway of the duenna known to successive generations of the family as "Auntie," one of those stern old Calvinists who held "that everything pleasant or comfortable must necessarily be wrong and, conversely, that most unpleasant or uncomfortable things were full of merit." The account of this worthy creature and her educational methods shows that Mrs. Beddington has inherited much of the literary skill of a family which includes Miss Braddon, Mr. W. B. Maxwell and the author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman'—a book which we should have thought almost unknown to modern readers, did not Mrs. Beddington assure us that 150,000 copies of a cheap edition were sold within twelve months in 1925-1926. Of a middle-class Victorian decoration Mrs. Beddington says:

In the Streatham Common house dusty Japanese fans were nailed to the walls; soiled pampas grass waved in cheap blue vases; the mantelshelf was draped in velvet of an "arty" and indefinite hue; Indian material, richly studded with small circular bits of looking-glass and smelling strongly of the Bazaar, hung in careless abandon over a rickety three-fold screen; a silver table—chief atrocity of the Early Victorian age—caught the unwary by one of its three precarious and projecting legs; the spiky horsehair stuffing of the chairs seemed to take a malicious pleasure in stabbing my thin little body when I sat down unwittingly; the dinghy *portière* screamed like an ungreased cartwheel every time the door was opened and caught in the jamb every time the door was shut; the gas-lights left a large black circle on the ceiling and flickered intolerably while I did my home work.

It is pleasant to read Mrs. Beddington's account of the diametrically opposite methods on which she reared her own children—but the odd thing is that both systems seem to have turned out well. Perhaps inherited temperament counts for more than education.

KINGS OF ENGLAND

The Kings of England, 1066-1901. By the Hon. Clive Bigham. Murray. 21s.

IN two earlier omnibus volumes, which were favourably received, the Honourable Clive Bigham, now Viscount Mersey, surveyed the life histories of Britain's chief ministers from the tenth century to the twentieth. Now he turns his gaze to the ample theme of England's reigning sovereigns over a period almost as long. The publisher tells us that such an account has never before appeared—a fact that can hardly fail to appear surprising, for, to exaggerate by understatement, the records of English kings are, in interest, "second to none," a conclusion which holds good in senses other than that of Sir Roger de Coverley, who, it will be remembered, made the remark before the tomb of Henry IV in Westminster Abbey, that he had heard that there was good reading in the casualties of that reign. Casualties, indeed, are prominent in all the dynasties whose activities are chronicled by Lord Mersey save the last, but only too ardent an adherent of the doctrine of tyrannicide would find the principal interest in this. That interest is very great, and the appearance of these interesting short biographies makes it worth while to note at least a few of them.

The greatest, perhaps, is the unity of the community which the institution of monarchy most of all symbolizes. If we think of the gory confusion of a large part of pre-Conquest history, it is difficult to deny that there is a modicum of truth in the contentions of the pro-Norman historians and of their popular followers who recently met to celebrate the Battle of Hastings. The community itself has varied from that part of England which William the Bastard first subdued to that large fraction of the world's

population now under the British flag. Perhaps the oddest fact is that, almost to our own day, there have been very few kings of England since the Norman Conquest who have been really English. Normans were followed by Angevins, and in modern times the Tudors, who were of Welsh origin, were followed by the Stuarts, who were Scots, and the Hanoverians, who were German. In 1915 the twentieth-century Jacobites went so far as to commemorate the rebels who fell in the revolt of 1715 for dying, like their descendants, fighting against the Germans.

Among Lord Mersey's "Kings" are five Queens—Mary, misleadingly called Bloody by some historians, Elizabeth, Mary II, Anne, and Queen Victoria. These are naturally included, but they suggest the thought that Lord Mersey might extend his trilogy and give us yet another omnibus volume—one on the Queens of England. It would be immensely interesting to read an account of the lives and influence of the consorts of England's rulers. Such a work would be a contribution to our understanding of feminine influence in history, a great, fruitful, and inexhaustible theme. Meanwhile, one must acknowledge the merits of the book before us. It contains thirty-six biographies and thirty-six portraits, and an interesting short view of the character of each ruler concludes each narrative. Over so enormous a field no one would claim to write authoritatively, and on the whole the accounts are rather conventional, but contemporary authorities are frequently used, and the pronouncements on character are nearly always interesting, though, perhaps, always too favourable. Rufus, however, is found guilty of the unmentionable vice with which contemporaries charged him, while Edward II is acquitted. James I, in the author's summing-up, receives no censure for the character of his conversation, which no one has ever dared to print.

A BACHELOR'S DEN

The following exquisite quotation is taken from "My Lady Nicotine," by Sir J. M. Barrie.

SOON we are all in the old room again, Jimmy on the hearthrug, Marriot in the cane-chair; the curtains are pinned together with a pen-nib, and the five of us are smoking the Arcadia Mixture.

Pettigrew will be welcomed if he comes, but he is a married man, and we seldom see him nowadays. Others will be regarded as intruders. If they are smoking common tobaccos, they must either be allowed to try ours or requested to withdraw. One need only put his head in at my door to realise that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others. No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe

would be certain to go out. When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia.

I ask no one to believe this, for the confirmed smoker in Arcadia detests arguing with anybody about anything. Were I anxious to prove Jimmy's statement, I would merely give you the only address at which the Arcadia is to be had. But that I will not do. It would be as rash as proposing a man with whom I am unacquainted for my club. You may not be worthy to smoke the Arcadia Mixture.

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NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

The House of Gold. By Liam O'Flaherty. Cape. 7s. 6d.*False Spring.* By Beatrice Kean Seymour. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.*Nature Has No Tune.* By Sylva Norman. The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

'THE HOUSE OF GOLD,' says the jacket, attempts to give a complete picture of Irish country life as it is at present. So much the worse for Irish country life. No more disagreeable picture could be imagined. Mr. Liam O'Flaherty belongs to that class of writers who are sharply aware of the foulness of their own nests. He has as little liking for his countrymen as Mr. Caradoc Evans has for the Welsh, or Mr. T. F. Powys for the men of Dorset. He never flinches from exposing their shortcomings. Stupid, brutal, cunning, treacherous, bloodthirsty, they move through his pages like a masque of the Seven Deadly Sins.

Mr. O'Flaherty is neither a satirist nor a moralist, and this, from one point of view, makes his attack the more damaging. He goes straight ahead with his tale, he wastes no time on moral indignation. He is not an embittered philanthropist or reformer; he accepts the deplorable condition of affairs and uses it as material for his art. In some writers such an unquestioning acceptance of evil might pass for cynicism; but Mr. O'Flaherty is not a cynic. He is a fantasist, whose art is served and nourished by grotesque and terrible manifestations of human nature. Ugliness fascinates him; he loves to describe the physical appearance and sensations of his characters when labouring under a great strain:

Suddenly he became exalted. The blood rushed to his head. Whirling lights appeared before his eyes. He tried to rise in order to rush upon her, but his muscles refused to act. Perspiration poured down his face. She passed out of the church. He became rigid. His face became cold. His toes itched. His muscles ached.

Or again:

Ramon moaned. Then he opened his mouth, closed it again, gnashed his teeth, clenched his fists, raised his arms and growled . . . Everybody drew back.

No wonder. The industrious reviewer, however, presses on, trying to remember that in the guise of these uncomfortable phenomena does Reality present itself to Mr. O'Flaherty's imagination. That imagination is among the strongest possessed by a contemporary novelist; it subdues everything it works in to its own colour. Ostensibly 'The House of Gold' is an account of a day in the life of an Irish country town, a town that has fallen into the clutches of Ramon Mor Costello, a peasant of gigantic build and commensurate ambitions, who exploits it for his own benefit and has a finger in every pie. There is great diversity of characters—priests, tradesmen, a wife, a lover, representatives of all persons and classes that the petty Napoleon has sought to bring under his dominion—but there is only one treatment, only one point of view, and in consequence the effect of diversity is never achieved. The characters multiply, their trades and callings are mentioned; but they are all, men and women, different aspects of the same figure, a creature more animal than human, cunning, sly, with just enough leisure and intelligence to drink himself into a mood of crime. Over them all hangs the unexplained terror which causes them to gnash their teeth and growl, and makes their faces cold and their toes itch, etc. It is surely the nightmare in his own mind that Mr. O'Flaherty is

expressing, not the condition of the Irish people, however distressful.

As a work of art 'The House of Gold' is decidedly impressive. Mr. O'Flaherty's power of ignoring such tracts of experience as do not minister to his purpose gives his book a terrific unity, and the compression of so many ghastly incidents into one day gives it great dramatic force. He certainly wields a spell; but the spell lasts only so long as one is able to be convinced by the amazingly one-sided, rudimentary type of human being he describes.

Mrs. Seymour, on the other hand, avails herself generously of the heritage that generations of civilization have bequeathed to behaviour; except that her women are generally in revolt against what they conceive to be an anachronistic, man-managed world, her characters are chosen for their likeness to ordinary people, not for their ability to pull faces or experience recondite physical sensations. There are a great many of them, too many, perhaps, some belonging to the past generation, some to the world of to-day. It is difficult to keep them apart in one's mind, and their names and nick-names are sometimes positively misleading. Who would imagine, for instance, that Terry and Frank were women? Mrs. Seymour's world is in the main a woman's world, in which men are disastrous, and rather ignorant intruders, "always surprised when women knew things—how to throw and catch a ball, or how to get on or off a 'bus while it was moving." A certain type of man Mrs. Seymour understands only too well; her ear never fails to catch the familiar note of male condescension: "Tell me," he said, "have you really read Wordsworth, or have you met him in anthologies?" So speaks the man whom Virginia finally decides to marry.

She had had an "affair" with a novelist in her youth, a disappointing affair, the "false spring" of love; and the interval between this fiasco and her marriage she spends in the company of busy, useful women, doctors and settlement workers, rehabilitating herself in her own eyes and in the eyes of the world. Love is soon lost, but respectability is less rapidly regained. 'False Spring' is not quite up to Mrs. Seymour's standard; she squanders and divides her forces, and does not always take trouble: nearly all the quotations and references to literature (there are several) in the book are inaccurate. It is excusable that Virginia, an amateur of letters, should misquote Keats, but Charles the professor ought not to have done. Still, it is a full-bodied, bustling book, with many casements opening on vistas of ordinary life if not on the foam of perilous seas (certainly not on "faery seas forlorn," Charles Frome).

The evocation of this charmed prospect is precisely what Miss Sylva Norman sets out to achieve, but she does not quite succeed. The scene of 'Nature Has No Tune' is laid in the castello, converted into a *pensione*, of a Tuscan hill town. Here are gathered together a variety of visitors, for the most part at odds with life, and anxious to discover in it or impose upon it some recognizable rhythm. A tragic legend associated with the castle seems to stand, for some of them, as a symbol of their own fates, and gives the composition its key; but Nature is not obliging enough to supply a tune. The book is well written and full of ideas, but these ideas somehow fail to be part and parcel of the people who express them; and the people, though fully characterized, remain as abstract as their opinions. Miss Norman takes the reader out of ordinary life into an atmosphere that is dry, rarefied and gaseous, but not stimulating.

¶ Readers who have difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate with the Publisher, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, who will be pleased to give the matter his attention.

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SHORTER NOTICES

Elenchus Brown: The Story of an Experimental Utopia. By B. L. Bowhay. Allenson. 7s. 6d.

MR. BROWN, a "failed B.Sc.," to quote our Indian friends, and a journalist, suddenly receives a legacy. He is already disgusted with society and unconvinced of the efficacy of any of the proposed remedies for its evils. He proposes to devote his legacy to a sort of laboratory experiment of these remedies and buys one of the smaller Channel islands for the purpose. After some trouble he arrives in the island with three fellow-workers, an out-of-work charwoman, an out-of-work typist and an Oxford enthusiast who wears Greek dress and is psychic. The island is governed by each in turn, one day a week, on first Socialist, then autocratic, aristocratic and anarchic principles and the results duly noted in each experimenter's diary. The book is pure fun, concealing some serious criticism; it is well constructed and the illustrations, stated to be by Mr. Harvey Langdon, are amusing.

Yarns of a Kentucky Admiral. By Rear-Admiral Hugh Rodman, U.S.N. Hopkinson. 18s.

ADMIRAL RODMAN'S yarns are as breezy as a sailor's ought to be. He has travelled all over the world, was present at the Battle of Manila Bay when the unfortunate Spanish fleet was knocked to pieces by Admiral Dewey with a total loss on the American side of four men wounded, and ended his active service during the war when he co-operated with Admiral Beatty in the North Sea. Beatty is one of his heroes and gets a remarkable tribute. Admiral Rodman, indeed, is an avowed admirer of our Navy, and of most things English, so that it is not altogether surprising to hear that his own countrymen sometimes complain that he is too "pro-British." Yet he is a typical American, both in temperament and opinions, and when it comes to technical questions connected with the Service he never doubts for a moment that the American method is right. On the question of the training of young officers, for instance, he considers the American system greatly superior. "Older or senior British naval officers are better seamen than ours, because they have spent nearly their whole careers at sea"; but "our younger officers are better educated professionally and more adaptable to the various duties on board ship and, I think, superior to the British." In fact, we have begun to specialize too much.

The Guilds of Dublin. By John J. Webb. Benn. 12s. 6d.

SEVEN-AND-A-HALF centuries passed between the expulsion by the Normans of the last Scandinavian ruler of Dublin and the setting up of a native government in the city. In six hundred years of this period much of the history of the Irish capital can be found in the records of the Guild system which survived longer in Ireland than in most other countries. The rights of guild organization were asserted by Dublin citizens at the end of the twelfth century and did not wholly lapse before the middle of the nineteenth. In the palmy days of this monopolist economy, "neither tanner nor tailor, butcher nor baker, could practise his craft outside the folds of the guild." Here, then, we get a picture of the everyday life of the town that will not be found in political histories, and Mr. Webb, interspersing his narrative with excerpts from old transcripts and charters, has produced a work that should be of interest to others besides antiquarians and archivists. Since Gilbert initiated his research, economic and social material is no longer neglected by Irish historians, although no writer has yet appeared to deal with this material otherwise than as an affair of erudition or, if not as that, for some propagandist object. These investigations so far confirm what is told in the political histories; we learn from Mr. Webb's book, for instance, that no name of a native Irishman appears on the twelfth-century rolls of Dublin guildsmen, and after the Reformation the monopoly was weakened by the "illicit" trading of the excluded Catholic merchants.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 396

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, October 24)

TWELVE LETTERS IN THEIR NAMES TOGETHER BRING OUR LACKLAND AND A BABYLONIAN KING.

1. At Michaelmas I'm mostly nice and young.
2. Eject from side of coin the Gaelic tongue.
3. Rob minor prophet of his exclamation.
4. Joy of the youngest females of our nation.
5. His for a nag the bristled Boar would swap.
6. A warm wind blows,—what can I do but drop?
7. Thanks to his skill, much better terms we got.
8. Will make rich crops grow where they else would not.
9. Heard from his lips who fears that all goes ill.
10. Core of what one good haul with fish may fill.
11. Sad work men make when this is all their aim.
12. To me at length the truant prophet came.

Solution of Acrostic No. 394

| | | |
|----|------------|------|
| G | reen | Gaga |
| O | utside | R |
| L | oung | E |
| D | ativ | E |
| E | latio | N |
| sN | i | Pe |
| E | spous | Al |
| At | eli | eR |
| G | reengroce | R |
| L | avab | O |
| E | locutionis | T |

ACROSTIC No. 394.—The winner is Mr. J. R. Cripps, Sherwood Cottage, Tadworth, Surrey, who has selected as his prize 'Peter the Great,' by Stephen Graham, published by Benn and reviewed in our columns on October 5. Eight other competitors chose this book, 26 named 'Things Past,' 21 'Devils, Drugs and Doctors,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Bolo, Mrs. J. Butler, Ceyx, Chailey, Elizabeth, James Hall, Hanworth, Lillian, Mary, Margaret, George W. Miller, F. M. Petty, Thora, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Armada, E. Barrett, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boris, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Buns, Carlton, C. C. J., J. Chambers, Clam, Maud Crowther, Dhualt, Sir Reginald Egerton, Falcon, Farsdon, Fossil, G. M. Fowler, Glamis, H. C. M., Iago, W. P. James, Jop, John Lennie, Madge, Martha, A. M. W. Maxwell, Met, Mrs. Milne, H. de R. Morgan, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, M. Overton, Peter, Polamar, Raalte, Rand, Shorwell, Sisypheus, St. Ives, Stucco, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Twyford, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Barberry, Mrs. Alice Crooke, Cuniculus, D. L., M. East, Reginald P. Eccles, Estela, Gay, Jeff, Margaret Owen, Rabbits, Rho Kappa. All others more.

MRS. R. BROWN.—Light 8 of No. 392 was also wrong: *Liaison* instead of *Livraison*. The "Two-Lights-Wrong" List appeared on October 12.

C. J. WARDEN.—See last part of preceding answer. Surely an adjective, not a noun, is required as an answer to Light 7. Only three other solvers gave *Run* as the answer to Light 3, while 19 saw the point of *Rebellion*. I understand why you chose *Run*, but still think my own word the best.

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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

A LEADING firm of Stock Exchange dealers, who issue a monthly Review for private circulation only, in their foreword this month refer to the suggestions that are being put forward for the avoidance of losses, such as have been incurred recently through the Hatry collapse. They point out, quite rightly, that they can conceive of no regulations which would come within the sphere of practical politics which would have relieved either the public or the Stock Exchange from the losses involved in the circumstances. While admittedly this is the case, they appear to have overlooked the fact that the reforms suggested have been called for as a result, not of the Hatry collapse, but of the large number of companies whose shares were dealt in on the London Stock Exchange for the first time during the past twelve months or so. The publicity given to the Hatry collapse has emphasized the need for a careful investigation of conditions which make these happenings possible. There is a tendency on the part of members of the London Stock Exchange to suggest that nobody outside can understand Stock Exchange conditions and necessities.

The Committee of the London Stock Exchange fulfil a difficult function. At the same time, it is obvious that they have failed to appreciate how greatly the ranks of investors have been increased during recent years. In the Review referred to it is stated that it is quite probable that, with the experiences of the past twelve months to guide them, the Committee of the Stock Exchange will review the whole question of the conditions under which stocks and shares are allowed to be dealt in on the Stock Exchange, and more tightening up of the regulations may be expected as a result. The last thing, they state, which is to be desired or encouraged is panicky legislation. In this connexion it must be pointed out that a year ago, when every week saw invitations made to the public for a large number of new issues, the lack of prospects of which could never have been greatly in doubt, the Stock Exchange Committee were urged in many directions to limit the facilities for dealing in the shares of these new companies, and no steps whatsoever were taken in the matter. To refer again to this subject can surely not be described as urging panicky legislation.

The Stock Exchange Committee appear to consider that their principal function is the protection of their own members. But their primary duty is the protection of the public, who necessarily must use the Stock Exchange for the investment of their funds. The Stock Exchange is not a private institution: it is as essential to the nation as the Bank of England, and this point of view has not been sufficiently appreciated in the past. The Stock Exchange, by tightening up their regulations, can certainly do much, but if the public are to be saved a repetition of the vast losses that have been incurred in the past, assistance must also be rendered by the Board of Trade and by the Banks. While it is admitted that the whole question bristles with difficulties, this is no excuse for it being permanently shelved. It is easier to secure permission to deal in shares on the London Stock Exchange than on Wall Street, or on the Bourse in Paris. Any company can, apparently, fail to issue reports when they should, and fail to comply with Board of Trade regulations

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as regards annual meetings, with perfect immunity. Undesirable company mongers can apparently obtain unlimited credit from banks, which is utilized in rigging shares to undesirable levels. It seems to be quite easy to obtain the names of peers, retired army officers and members of Parliament, to figure as directors of companies, of the business of which they have absolutely no knowledge. These facts all indicate the necessity for reform, and if the Stock Exchange cannot, or will not, take the necessary steps, then they should be taken by the Government—a state of affairs which would not be popular in Throgmorton Street.

PROGRESS REPORTS

There are indications that one reform, which has been frequently advocated in these notes, is receiving more attention, and that is the issuing of progress reports. An impetus in this direction has been given by the fact that in declaring an interim dividend the directors of Imperial Chemical Industries deemed it fitting to issue a progress report, with the object of informing their shareholders how business was progressing. One looks to Lord Melchett to set an example, and in this direction one does not look in vain. It is to be hoped that other of our leading industrial companies will follow his example. If only those responsible for the management of first-class concerns adopt the custom of issuing progress reports, the smaller fry will have to follow suit. Twelve months is far too long a period in which to leave a shareholder in ignorance of the progress that is being made by the business in which he is a partner. It has been suggested that progress reports are not issued because shareholders do not require them. I feel that this is looking at the question from the wrong angle. Shareholders are entitled to the information, and it should be given to them whether they ask for it or not.

HOME RAILS

It is gratifying to note the increased interest that is again being shown in the various classes of stock of our Home Railways. An investment in certain of our Home Railway stocks has been periodically recommended in these notes during the past twelve months, and I repeat the recommendation, as in this direction the long lane of depression has been turned, and the prospects of our Home Railways generally appear very much brighter than for some time past. Among the ordinary stocks particular attention is again drawn to Great Western ordinary, while those seeking a high-yielding Home Railway Trustee investment should not overlook the attractions of London and North Eastern 4 per cent. second preference.

RAPHAEL TUCK

There are certain old-established companies, of which little is heard, which are run on thoroughly sound lines, and upon which shareholders depend for steady dividends. As one coming under this category, attention is drawn to Raphael Tuck and Sons, whose twenty-eighth Annual General Meeting was held recently. Perusal of the chairman's speech indicates that the company, while being run on thoroughly sound and conservative lines, moves with the times, and maintains its earning capacity.

TIMOTHY WHITES

With new companies faring adversely, it is gratifying to be able to report that certain issues made last year were in connexion with companies that have more than justified their prospectus estimates. A case in point is provided by the Report of Timothy Whites, which shows results achieved in excess of original estimates.

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